THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1895. NO. 3.

NEWS NOTES.

A well-known American man of letters, who is perhaps over-fond of girding at his British brethren, was basking before the club fire the other evening with a peculiar complacency reflected on his countenance: "I have just been making a calculation," he said by way of explanation, "of just how long a time it takes the British literary world to follow the leads that Americans have given it. Putting it into round numbers, I should say that ten years might be regarded as the average period of incubation, which is, on the whole, rather rapid work for the English mind.

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"There are just three marked developments in English fiction," he continued, "that are noticeable of late, and each one was demonstrably due to the initiation of American writers. The first is the revival of romantic fiction seen just now in the vogue of Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard. Well, this is only following up the lead of Archibald Clavering Gunther, whose *Mr. Barnes of New York* had such a run here and afterward in England some ten years ago, followed up by a like success in Savage's *My Official Wife*. The English, it must be confessed, have greatly improved on the American models, but the idea was borrowed from us.

❀

"The second development is the village story, represented in England today by Quiller Couch, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Walter Raymond, and clearly taken up by them in imitation of Sara Orne Jewett, Annie Trumbull Slosson, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. McLean, and especially Mary E. Wilkins. Here they have still scarcely reached the perfection of the Americans whom they are copying.

"Finally, there is the semi-erotic novel, the novel on the New Woman, of which *Dodo*, *A Yellow Aster*, and possibly *The Green Carnation* may be taken as types. The English think that it is a new thing, but over here we had it all ten years ago in Amélie Rives's *Quick and the Dead* and the novels of Edgar Saltus."

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Thus discoursed the basking novelist with much internal satisfaction; but it might be answered that his impeachment of British originality will be generally accepted as justified only in the second of the three articles; for a glance at literary chronology will show that Conway's *Called Back* antedated *Mr. Barnes of New York* in the field of romantic fiction; while George Moore's earlier novels—the *Mummer's Wife*, for instance—was issued almost contemporaneously with *The Case of Tristram Varick*, *Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*, and *The Pace that Kills*.

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The publishers of *Harper's Monthly* are shrouding the authorship of their historical romance on Joan of Arc in a good deal of mystery, announcing it only as the production of one of the most popular of American magazine writers. We may be in error, but after a careful comparison of the first instalment with other work of a similar character, we think it a safe guess to ascribe the present production to Mark Twain.

❀

By a coincidence Mr. Andrew Lang is just bringing out in the *Monthly Packet* a romantic story, whose events circle about the history of the inspired Maid. It is called *The Monk of Fife*, and relates the adventures of a Scottish man-at-arms. After seeing the announcement of the rival tale in *Harper's*

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Monthly, Mr. Lang wrote to an American friend: "Who is doing the story of Joan of Arc, and what does he know about it anyway? When both our stories are finished, my Maid will fight his Maid for a new bonnet."

❀

The Foundations of Belief, which is reviewed on another page, is meeting with extraordinary approval and success in England. Mr. Balfour's book has been published only within a few weeks, and already six thousand copies have been sold on the other side. It is being recognised as a piece of trenchant and timely criticism; only one book produced in recent years can be profitably compared with it—*Studies in Theism*, by one of our acutest thinkers, Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Harvard.

The above cartoon from the *Strand* "attitudinises" Mr. Balfour in his characteristic pose of taking notes in the House of Commons. It is not his habit to prepare in his study his impromptus or even the salient points of his argument. Mr. Henry W. Lucy, one of the most piquant and suggestive parliamentarian journalists, tells how Mr. Balfour neatly capped Sir William Harcourt's lugubrious funeral sermon on President Carnot, which he read from manuscript. Mr. Balfour, taking a sheet of notepaper from the table while Sir William's oration was in process of delivery, wrote down the outline of what proved to be a short but almost perfect speech, taking as his text successive points in Sir William Harcourt's monody and giving them fresh turns.

A new novel, *Forward House*, and a new writer, William Scoville Case, have been added to their list by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Case is a Hartford lawyer who graduated at Yale in 1885, and who during his college course contributed some very clever verses to *Life*. A short story, "Told after Thirty Days," published in the now extinct *Two Tales*, showed decided vigour and individuality of style. He has as a neighbour Mr. Dawson Watson, the artist.

❀

Mr. Scotson-Clark, who relates some personal reminiscences of Aubrey Beardsley on another page, is illustrating "a novel with a classical foundation," which has been written by Miss Mai Brinsley Sheridan. The book is likely to make a hit.

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We find that Mr. Edward Bok goes on undaunted in his literary career, and that in the face of the adverse criticism which the churches showered upon his arraignment of the Young Man and his relation to the Church, he intends issuing in the fall through Messrs. Revell the story of *A Young Man's Success*, to be told in ten chapters. Here is Mr. Bok's plan: 1. A Correct Knowledge of Himself; 2. In Business; 3. In Social Life; 4. His Sports and Amusements; 5. "Sowing His Wild Oats;" 6. His Personal Habits; 7. In Matters of Dress; 8. In Matters of Religion; 9. His Attitude Toward Woman; 10. When to Marry.

❀

Curiosity will at least make us read the last chapter. As Mr. Bok is certainly over thirty, he would seem to disapprove of married babies. Of course this is putting an autobiographical construction on the forthcoming book which may not bear application. But there is an air of ingenuousness and utter lack of self-consciousness about Mr. Bok which would lead us to conclude that he will not deny us the fruits of a young man's success, which is monumental in the American world of backstairs journalism.

❀

Little, Brown and Company promise two notable novels among their spring announcements; one entitled *Children of the Soil*, from the Polish of Sienkiewicz, the famous author of *With Fire*

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and Sword and *The Deluge*, and the other, *A Madonna of the Alps*, a romance of Italy, written in German and translated into English by Nathan Haskell Dole.

❀

Mr. Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's very capable manager, has followed up his warm appreciation of Ian Maclaren by himself writing an Aberdonian story. *Watter's Mou'*, which resembles closely Charles Reade's *Christie Johnstone*, is to be issued in the Acme Library.

❀

As it is about time for the popular taste to take a new direction, we venture to predict that Max Nordau's *Degeneration* will speedily supplant *Trilby* as a topic of general interest.

❀

Max Nordau, with a sense of gravity quite devoid of the least grain of humour, by way of strengthening an argument in his scientific treatise, tells a story of Oscar Wilde, which the latter would certainly not have adduced as an evidence of "The Decay of Lying," and which by its very ludicrousness makes the situation laughably comic. He has evidently mistaken Mr. W. S. Gilbert for one of Mr. Oscar Wilde's biographers when he says that all the biographies of Mr. Oscar Wilde tell how he walked down Piccadilly in a picturesque costume and a sunflower in his hand. "I have never seen this denied," gravely adds the German scientist, who probably never heard of *Patience*. Everybody guilty of a whimsical fantasy must be criminal or crazy; this story is accepted as an erratic idiosyncrasy of Mr. Wilde's; *ergo* Mr. Wilde is criminal or crazy! Verily, science owes something to comic opera.

❀

Literary information from the New York *World* of April 7th: "George Meredith, the creator of *Esther Waters*."

❀

Suppose Mr. Dana should be convicted of libelling Mr. Noyes, and suppose Mr. Godkin should be convicted of libelling some of the Silver Senators, and suppose they should both be imprisoned in the same cell, the legend of the Kilkenny cats would then be recognised as unconscious prophecy.

❀

Mr. Heinemann has added to his "Pioneer Series" a volume entitled *A Street in Suburbia*, which also joins another author, Mr. Edwin W. Pugh, to the little band of writers who are creating a new London school of literature in dealing with the life of the poor. We have had Mr. Zangwill writing of Jewish London, Mr. Nevinson making *Slum Stories*, Mr. Morrison telling *Tales of Mean Streets*, and now Mr. Pugh "nourishing some suburban sod," as John Davidson sings. All find common ground in the Cockney character, whose versatility would seem to be boundless, as one and another writer arises to view his multiform life, and finds novelty and freshness in its variety.

❀

Speaking of Mr. Nevinson, one wonders why the American publishers were moved to change the title. *Neighbours of Ours*, as the English edition has it, is much more picturesque and suggestive than *Slum Stories of London*, which is really the sub-title.

❀

Mr. H. C. Bunner requests us to deny, so far as his share in it is concerned, the accuracy of an anecdote related in the March BOOKMAN about the Poet and the Harvard undergraduates—an anecdote for which we expressly declined to be responsible. When the other gentlemen mentioned in it shall have been heard from, we shall be prepared to publish a short yet thoroughly scientific article on "The Genesis of a Joke."

❀

M. François Coppée is expected to visit the United States before the end of the year, with a view to lecturing.

❀

Lord Acton, who succeeds the late Professor Seeley in the chair of Modern History at the University of Cambridge, is the first Roman Catholic to hold that office since the Reformation. Lord Acton is generally regarded in England as the most learned of living Englishmen, though it must be confessed that he has been singularly unproductive, his only published work of importance being a theological monograph (written in German), which appeared in 1870. He and Mr. Gladstone are the only persons ever elected to an honorary fellowship in All Souls' College, Oxford. Lord Acton's family is one of the oldest in the British peerage, and there is a good deal of cosmopolitanism about him, as he was born in Naples, educated in Germany, and is a

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duke in France and a count in Prussia. His English peerage was conferred upon him by his close personal friend, Mr. Gladstone, in 1869. He has been editor of the *Home and Foreign Review*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the *North British Review*, each of which publications expired under his management—a fact which is by no means ominous of his success in his new post.

❀

Very few are aware that *The Prisoner of Zenda* narrowly escaped being issued simultaneously by two separate firms in New York. The best of it is that both believed themselves to have secured the rights to its full title in this country. It appears that the English agent had offered it to Henry Holt and Company and to D. Appleton and Company at the same time, and both firms cabled acceptance almost together. It was found, however, that Messrs. Holt had just preceded their competitors, and so came off victors. When it is known that Messrs. Appleton, failing to hear immediately from the English agent, had set up a sample page and given instructions to go ahead with the book, our amusement at the imminent *contretemps* is heightened. The same printing establishment happened to be employed by both firms on the book, hence the discovery in time of the awful blunder through the courtesy of the printer. D. Appleton and Company were more successful with *The God in the Car*, a much inferior novel, however, by the same author. They will also publish in book form his *Chronicles of Count Antonio*, which has been appearing in piecemeal for some time past in the Sunday newspapers under the auspices of the McClure Syndicate.

❀

New fiction by popular writers figures prominently among the forthcoming books of D. Appleton and Company. *Bog Myrtle and Peat*, by S. R. Crockett, announced in our February number, is to be published by them; also *Eve's Ransom*, by George Gissing, which is winding up its tale in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, and *Fidelis*, by "Ada Cambridge," already well known as the author of *The Three Miss Kings* and *Not all in Vain*—her two best stories in some half a dozen; nevertheless she is always welcome. Mrs. Craigie's new novel, *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, and other stories and romances by Dr. Georg Ebers, by the author of *George Mandeville's Husband*, by Mrs. Everard Cotes, by Guy Boothby, and by Mrs. J. H. Needell, fill out the tempting list and give one an impression that Messrs. Appleton are cornering the book market in fiction, and forming a gigantic Novel Trust.

❀

The next volume in the Green Tree Library, to be published by Stone and Kimball, will be the *Poems* of Paul Verlaine, which Miss Gertrude Hall has translated into English, and which will appear this month.

❀

The French papers give a gloomy picture of the life of Verlaine. He has left the hospital and returned to his home in the Rue Saint-Victor, where he leads a lonely life, and is still much broken in health.

❀

The Chap-Book now boasts of a circulation of 15,000, which is still growing.

❀

We note with pleasure that Alison McLean, the author of *Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden*, is to publish through Frederick Warne and Company a new book of short stories to be called *Paul Heriot's Pictures*. It is some years since the writer read *By a Way She Knew Not*, by this author, but the indelible mark left on the mind by its perusal is vividly recalled. *Quiet Stories*, a recent publication, is in its second edition.

❀

Miss Anna Fuller, author of *A Literary Courtship*, says that it is her ambition to be a playwright, and those who have noted the dramatic quality of her stories in *Peak and Prairie* will find her ambition wholly reasonable. A play, two acts of which were written by her in Colorado Springs, was interrupted by the death of her intimate friend, the original of Miss Lamb in the *Courtship*, and has not since been completed.

❀

One of Miss Fuller's remarks illustrates her shrewd humorous estimates of life. "Eternal love?" she said, "Eternal love? Yes, I believe in it; but then the object changes!"

❀

The latest volume of Von Sybel's history of the founding of the German Em-

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pire is of especial interest because of the circumstances of its production. The preceding volume appeared soon after the rupture between the young Kaiser and Prince Bismarck in 1890, and at a time when everything Bismarckian was under the imperial ban. Von Sybel's account of the diplomatic history of the early sixties seemed to the Kaiser to ascribe altogether too much credit to the fallen minister, and so he very promptly denied Von Sybel any further access to the Prussian archives. Shut off from this immensely important source of information, the historian abandoned all further hope of finishing this great work, and regarded his labours as at an end.

❀

But his publisher had a contract with him which called for another volume, and he relentlessly insisted upon the carrying out of the agreement to the letter. The result was the production of the volume that has lately appeared, and which covers the highly interesting portion of German history just prior to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The personal knowledge and great industry of the historian have overcome the difficulties imposed by the ubiquitous asininity of the War Lord, and for once, at any rate, the world of letters has reason to rejoice at a publisher's hard-heartedness.

❀

Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse has been wintering in New York after an absence of five years, spent chiefly in Egypt. Mr. Whitehouse is best known to savants for his important discoveries in Egyptian topography; but to a larger circle of friends he is endeared by the *mots* that are discoverable in his conversation. On his arrival in New York last autumn he was met by the question whether he observed any changes in the appearance of the town. "Oh, yes, indeed," he replied with one of his inimitable gestures. "When I left here your principal streets were gullies; I find now that they have become ravines."

❀

As is well known, Mr. Whitehouse has long urged upon the British authorities a plan for irrigating a large district in the vicinity of the Fayyûm, a plan whose exploitation has at times brought him into sharp conflict with both the English and the Egyptian officials. Not long ago Mr. Whitehouse had an interview with the British agent, Lord Cromer, at the beginning of which he was received with a very apparent coolness.

"I really cannot go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy."

"Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?"

"Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated that he was untruthful."

"I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterise his attitude in some way. Now you see I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it wouldn't be exactly complimentary. Of course I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So, naturally, I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand!"

HALL CAINE IN 1876.

In the *Idler* for April Mr. Ashcroft Noble recounts the short-lived fame and speedy fate which overtook the *Argus*, a weekly review which he started in Liverpool in 1876, and which, because of the enrolment of such names, now become famous, as Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. William Watson, he regards in the warm light of reminiscence as "A Book of Beginnings." What he has to say of Mr. Caine in those early days is of spe-

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cial interest. We learn that he was not merely an ardent playgoer, but a would-be dramatist as well. At the age of seventeen the author of *Ben-my-chree* had written a long dramatic poem, and at twenty a drama dealing with the Chartist agitation, having for its hero Alton Locke. His theatrical notes to the *Argus*, signed "T. H. H. C.," though attractive and unusual in their provincial surroundings, were simply specimens of bright, business-like journalism which had in them plenty of "snap" and a large show of general knowledge.

❀

In those days the now famous novelist was a youthful mass of literary crudity not at all prophetic. His *confrères* were inclined to think that his literature was not a thing of much account. During the *Argus* days he wrote a short story and offered it for publication. "I thought it a poor thing," says Mr. Noble, "and I believe I should so think if I read it to-day." Mr. Caine's early literary architecture was of a decidedly composite order, being in structure Carlylesque with Lamblike and Coleridgian decoration. But there was nothing whatever to encourage even the most sanguine to expect from its author anything like the tremendous dramatic force, the profound pathos, and the intense humanity of *The Manxman*, to mention only one and the last of his three or four mature novels.

❀

Another novelist, Mr. William Tirebuck, whose star is rising, contributed some maiden efforts to Mr. Noble's "Book of Beginnings." In his early performances there were hints of the grasp and vigour, of the touch of subtlety and analytic power which afterwards developed in the stories that followed. A new novel of Mr. Tirebuck's, entitled *Miss Grace of All Souls*, is now in the publisher's hands. It is a vivid picture of mining life in Lancashire, and portrays with ruthless fidelity the conflict which is waging between master and man. How Miss Grace acts as a solvent through which the unruly elements are precipitated and finally united is part of the social problem as well as the love problem which Mr. Tirebuck handles with great ability and intensity of purpose.

The founder of the Contributors' Club, in Chicago, Mr. A. J. Eddy, recently gave a "talk" on Whistler before the Antiquarians of that city, during which he indulged in an unconscious sally of humour which should please the artist. The first fifteen minutes of Mr. Eddy's discourse were devoted to telling how Whistler only chose for his subjects the lovely and the beautiful. During the second fifteen minutes Mr. Eddy gave an account of his own portrait which Whistler painted in Paris last summer!

❀

We understand that a new firm of publishers will shortly be organised in Chicago, among whose first ventures are to be limited issues of a volume of poems by Mr. Francis F. Browne, editor and proprietor of the *Dial*, and another book of poetry by Mr. John Vance Cheney, of the Newberry Library. Mr. Cheney's book will include a short play in blank verse bearing on the adventures of Helen of Troy.

❀

Mr. W. P. Robinson, who for six years has been resident manager in New York for the Tillotson Syndicate in England, has been compelled to resign his position in consequence of continued ill health. Mr. B. D. Steiner, who has been associated with him during the last four years, takes his place. Mr. Robinson was for some time previous to his engagement with the Syndicate, private secretary to Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto. His relations with business men and literary people have been marked by a uniform courtesy and integrity of character, which have placed him high in their esteem, and will cause them keen regret at his loss.

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The Lothrop Publishing Company are making strenuous efforts under the new management to capture the juvenile field in the coming season. They have some of the choicest writers for young people on their forthcoming list, and considerable pains are being taken to make a striking departure in the get-up of their books. The writer had the pleasure of examining a number of designs which they have received for covers, and the selection already made shows excellent artistic taste.

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The publishing plans of this company are not yet ripe enough for announcement, but we are permitted to give the title of a new story for girls by Mr. W. O. Stoddard, which we should think will be one of the popular girl books of the year. *The Partners*, while not forgetting the boys, has been written with a view to supplying the large demand which exists for a fresh and wholesome girl's story.

❀

Perhaps the severest trials that befall authors are to be found in the intended compliments of their well-meaning but not overwise friends. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt tells of the enthusiastic remark made to him by an acquaintance to whom he had sent, on its first appearance, a copy of his *Ranch Life*. "Really, Mr. Roosevelt, I was most delighted with your book. It was capital! capital! I read it nearly all through. Why, I even cut out some of the pictures to keep!"

❀

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, late Professor at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and the best known of our Canadian poets, has resigned his chair and intends to make his home in the States. He had a generous reception in Boston circles a few days ago, and at the time of writing is now in New York.

❀

Another handsome Stevenson memorial is to be issued by Copeland and Day, consisting of "A Valediction" in verse and a "Sonnet" by L. I. G. (Miss Louise Imogen Guiney) and a "Study" by A. B. (Miss Alice Brown). There will be 250 copies, only 100 of which are for sale. The book is exquisitely bound and printed on hand-made paper; the dedication is to William Ernest Henley.

❀

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Townsend's lively sketches not only in the columns of the New York *Sun*, but in the volume reviewed in our March number, will be glad to know that a second series of the "Chimmie Fadden" papers will shortly be issued by the same publishers, and early in the fall Mr. Townsend's longer work, *A Daughter of the Tenement*, will appear. The first series of *Chimmie Fadden* is now in its seventeenth edition.

We have it on good authority that it is doubtful whether Mr. Beardsley's visit to America will come off at present. We are sorry to learn that he has been suffering acutely for some time past with a renewed attack of hemorrhage, which will probably incapacitate him from taking the trip. It has been stated that Mr. Beardsley was to accompany Mr. Lane, the publisher of *The Yellow Book*, on his voyage West during the month, but this is not so.

❀

M. Paul Bourget is at Cannes, where he is working hard at a new novel to be called *En Marche*. Alphonse Daudet's new novel will be called *Soutien de Famille*.

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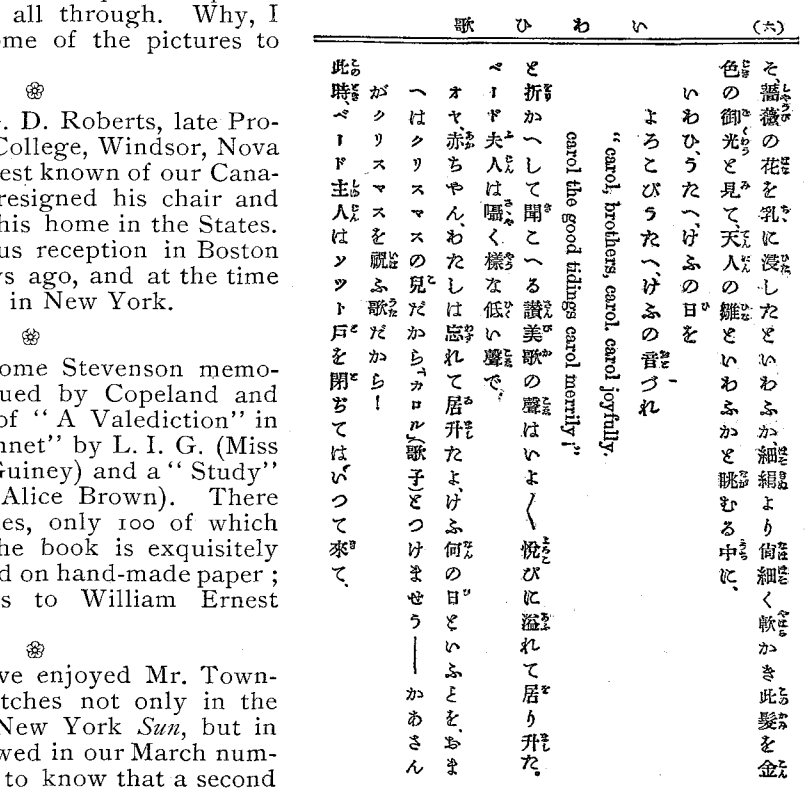
The writer had the pleasure recently of looking over a collection of Mrs. Kate



(六) いわひ歌

そ、薔薇の花を乳に浸したといわふか、細絹より尙細く軟かき此髪を金色の御光と見て、天人の雛といわふかと眺むる中に、

いわひ、うたへ、けふの日を
よろこびうたへ、けふの音づれ
"carol, brothers, carol. carol joyfully.
carol the good tidings carol merrily!"

と折かへして聞こへる讃美歌の聲はいよ〳〵悅びに溢れて居り升た。

ベード夫人は囁く樣な低い聲で、

オヤ、赤ちやん、わたしは忘れて居升たよ、けふ何の日といふことを、おまへはクリスマスの兒だから「カロル」(歌子)とつけませう——かあさんがクリスマスを祝ふ歌だから!

此時、ベード主人はソット戸を閉ぢてはいつて來て、

Douglas Wiggin's stories in various styles and in divers tongues. Among them was a dainty paper edition in Japanese of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, dated Tokio, 1895. The page which is reproduced above in fac-simile from the Japan-

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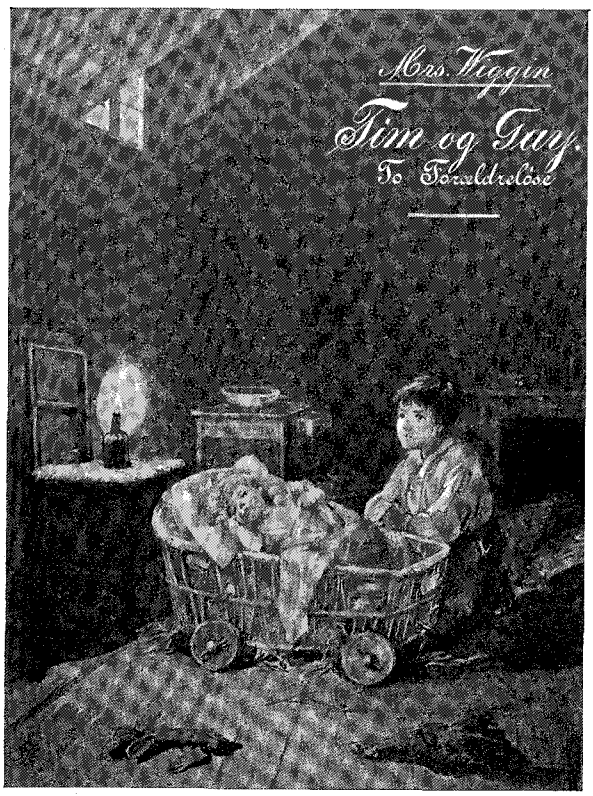
ese corresponds to page 5 of the American edition. There were also copies of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in French and German, and of "The Christmas Dinner," taken from the *Carol*, and the whole *Story of Patsy* set up for the blind by the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School. *Patsy* was the outcome of Mrs. Wiggin's association with the free kindergarten in San Francisco, and is founded on fact.

❀

Of all Mrs. Wiggin's books, *The Birds' Christmas Carol* is the prime favourite in



America, and has had a sale of nearly 120,000 in this country alone. It was published about seven years ago, when she had begun to feel the need of a vocation in life and had decided to turn to literature. Mrs. Wiggin has always taken a great interest in the psychology of childhood, and the practical services she has rendered to the children of America, arising from her association, first with the kindergarten at San Francisco, and latterly, for several years past, with the New York kindergarten, is well known. When visiting the kindergarten she used to join in the children's games and tell them stories. To this experience, Mrs. Wiggin says, she owes the inspiration of her literary work.

❀

In England the favourite is *Timothy's Quest*, or *Tim og Gay*, as the Danish copy we saw bore the title. There is a very characteristic illustration of a Norwegian domestic interior, which serves as frontispiece to the Danish edition, and which we have thought it worth while to reproduce for the gratification of Timothy's numerous lovers. This book of Mrs. Wiggin's had the honour of being refused by six leading houses. *Timothy's Quest* was also present in Swedish among this collection, as well as *Polly Oliver's Problem*. *Polly Oliver* is considered, we may say, by Rudyard Kipling the best story that Mrs. Wiggin has written. He thinks Polly one of the breeziest and most captivating of heroines. One would hardly have suspected Mr. Kipling of a close acquaintance with girls' stories.

❀

The well-known French novelist, M. Edouard Rod, is working hard at a new story, *L'Eternel*, which is to appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is also preparing a series of essays on Goethe.

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A Sunday newspaper of this city has been collecting from various authors a statement of their preferences for the different seasons of the year, and lately published them with the heading "Favourite Seasons of Our Authors." Lest there should be any doubt about the authenticity of these important dicta, each bears the signature of its author in facsimile. An expectant public is thus informed that Dean Hole once preferred winter, but now loves "the sweet springtide, . . . the birthday of blossoms and buds," etc.; Mr. Eugene Field favours summer; Mr. George W. Cable is another devotee of spring; and one is not surprised to find Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writing, "I feel at my best during the hot weather." It is well to have

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these facts clearly understood. How dire would be the consequences if the literary world should, for instance, go on fondly imagining that Mr. J. T. Trowbridge preferred winter when he really loves autumn best, or if Mr. Rossiter Johnson's yearning for winter should fail to be generally understood!

❀

This line of public enlightenment opens up an almost endless vista for the future. We demand that the newspaper in question shall continue boldly its investigations and clear up a great number of other points as to which at the present time the readers of books are groping in darkness that is absolutely Cimmerian. Let us know at once and with authority just how many eggs each of our American *littérateurs* ordinarily consumes for breakfast. It is unfair that there should be a widespread belief that Mr. Laurence Hutton's regular allowance is two, when he may all these years have been restricting himself to a diurnal minimum of only one. Furthermore we respectfully insist that while a signature in facsimile is all very well, the importance of these statements calls for something far more authoritative. Hereafter let each personal revelation of this character be sworn to before a notary-public according to the laws of the State of New York, and let the affidavit be recorded in full with the proper seals and stamps. To trifle with public confidence in such grave matters is unpardonable, and we hereby protest against any possibility of it. On with the great work! and among these topics for scientific research we suggest a careful investigation of the question whether any of our authors possesses a grain or two of the saving sense of humour in whatever concerns his own personality, and whether he has ever heard of such a thing as the dignity of literature.

❀

From the London correspondent of the New York *Times*: "It is announced that a new edition of Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*, now in the press, brings that story into its seventy-eighth thousand in Great Britain alone, and that ten thousand copies were sold here last year. The *Daily News* makes the fact that the American rights were originally offered to an American publisher, and declined at once on the ground of worthlessness of the book, the text for a discourse on the colonial instincts which still govern the American publishing world. It declares that 'over and over again it happens that the London agent of an American publishing house admits the great worth and interest of some manuscript submitted to him by a London publisher, but declines the proposal for copyright because, as he says, Americans prefer to wait and see the result in England.' Among instances of this, the *Daily News* cites, besides *A Yellow Aster*, two recent novels, *Into the Highways and Hedges* (three editions of which were cleared out here immediately and the fourth of which is in the press) and *A New Note*, which is now in its fifth edition."

❀

We are pleased to see that Messrs. Appleton are publishing an American edition of *Into the Highways and Hedges*. This novel has only recently appeared in England, yet already it has met with decided success for a first book by a new writer. Mr. Montrésor has produced a strong story, indicating an unusual amount of originality and boldness of conception.

❀

A bad blunder occurs in some lines quoted from Browning's "Christmas Eve," which has run, undetected, through successive editions of a very popular year-book, covering tens of thousands of copies. Browning says:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> And not a brute with brutes.

The eminent divine's reflections on "the seeming worthlessness of sympathy" are expected to gain a positive force from the poet's humanity, but we find them thus grotesquely illustrated:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> *And not a brick with bricks.*

❀

We notice another literary blunder of lesser magnitude in Mr. Saintsbury's "corrected impression" of Matthew Arnold, where he speaks of "that delightful whimsy *Friendship's God*." Matthew Arnold never wrote any such work, though *Friendship's Garland*, with Arminius and "Geist" pervading it, is tolerably familiar. To quote Mr. Saintsbury's own naïve apology for a Greek textual error of Mr. Churton Collins's, while reviewing that scholar's

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Essays and Studies in the last issue of the BOOKMAN, the slip "may be merely 'one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil,' of which all who write have had experience."

❀

We learn that a literary society recently organised at a small town in Missouri, and named in honour of The Duodecimos, was thrown into convulsions and obliged to disband at the first meeting on ascertaining that there were thirteen members.

LADY JEUNE.

The members of the original club of the same name, with Mr. Francis Wilson, the comedian, at their head, have been very much elated over the success of their first publication, a fac-simile of *Poor Richard's Almanack 1733*, issued at $10 in November last, especially since a firm of booksellers paid $25 to a subscriber for his copy of the book. They argue that if their book is worth this price four months after its issue, a copy will be worth $500 ten years hence, using as a basis for this conjecture the present price of the Grolier Club's edition of the *Rubáiyát*, a copy of which, originally issued at $3, has recently been sold at auction for $150. Here's a pretty bit of bibliomaniac logic for you!

❀

Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, is to deliver a course of lectures on Hebrew Poetry before the Johns Hopkins University in America, in 1896.

❀

Mr. Crockett has returned to Penicuik, Scotland. He is busily engaged on a new story for the London *Graphic* to be called *The Grey Man*.

❀

Lady Jeune, whose *Lesser Questions* is exciting a good deal of comment, is a representative English hostess in Mayfair, and a woman of many parts. Her hospitable house in Harley Street is an acknowledged rendezvous of society, and for many years she has directed her practical sympathies to the formation of wide-reaching and admirably organised charities. As a platform speaker, Lady Jeune's voice carries as much charm as her arguments conviction. She is also a caustic writer, whose keen observations, fearlessly given, have thrown side-lights on some important social questions of the hour. *Lesser Questions*, being serious studies on the evolution of woman in the nineteenth century, is one of the most sensible and judicious books that has yet appeared on a most sensitive subject. The title is a misnomer, for these questions, concerning as they do the vital problems raised by the advance guard of the feminine host, are the greater and more important questions of the hour.

❀

A well-known *on dit* ascribes to Lady Jeune's resourceful personality Mr. Du Maurier's inspiration of inspirations—Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—whose endless versatility as a drawing-room diplomat has long been an enduring joy in the pages of *Punch*. Lady Jeune has been a very ladder of ascent and a strong right hand to her distinguished husband, the very popular judge of—alas!—a very populous court.

❀

In our last issue we announced the title of Mrs. Hinkson's forthcoming novel as *The Day of a Maid*. She since writes correcting this to *The Way of a Maid*. Our readers will remember that we suspected as much when we made

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the announcement. It will be published early in the autumn.

❀

The Paris *Figaro* announces the first number of a Franco-American *Review* which has just appeared. Leading American and French writers are the main contributors. "All schools and systems are to have their say in the *Review*, and we shall see side by side Tolstoï, M. de Goncourt, Ibsen, Mark Twain, etc." The art department is especially strong. The Polish Prince Poniatowski is the editor-in-chief.

❀

The increasing number of aspirants to mount the wheel as each season advances has made the publication of handbooks on the subject a desiderata to amateurs. Two little 16mos, both illustrated and issued at $1 each, will be published by the time this reaches the reader. *Pleasure Cycling*, published by Little, Brown and Company, and *Bicycling for Health and Pleasure*, by Dodd, Mead and Company, are intended to serve as manuals of useful information and instruction for cyclers in their first season and after. Dr. Graeme M. Hammond has allowed his address on "The Bicycle in Health and in Disease," which was warmly received at the Academy of Medicine recently, to be incorporated in the latter book. We may add that this is the first volume in the projected Athletics Series to be issued by these publishers; the second, on *Golf and Golfing*, is to follow shortly.

❀

Yet another volume on the bicycle is *A Wheel within a Wheel*, in which Miss Frances E. Willard tells how she learned to ride the bicycle. We notice from the dedication that it is to Lady Henry Somerset Miss Willard owes her slavery to the gentle sport. Even a sporting chronicle can be turned to moral account by Miss Willard, but this will limit the appreciation of her booklet to some extent, for most readers like their religious reading duly labelled and set apart for a quiet hour, when the sporting instinct is not uppermost. We have looked through the pages in vain for Miss Willard's approval or disapproval of the "bloomers."

❀

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has prevailed on his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, to do the illustrations to the new Jungle Book to be published at the end of this year.

❀

During the past month another copy of Robert Browning's first book, *Pauline*, has been recovered. It fell into the hands of Mr. Jesse Jaggard, of Liverpool, who promptly disposed of it for £60. This is the ninth copy now known to be extant.

❀

Miss Anne Isabella Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), about whom Mrs. Burton Harrison chats pleasantly on another page, was born in Albion Street, London. Some years of her childhood were spent in Paris, but the greater part of her life has been passed in Kensington, London. After her sister's death she lived with her brother in Hyde Park Gate, where she was married. For the last ten years she has lived at Wimbledon, where The End House has just been built for her. Her first work, *The Story of Elizabeth*, was published in 1863, and was at once successful. This was followed, in 1869, by *To Esther, and Other Sketches; The Village of the Cliff* in 1865, and *Old Kensington* in 1869. The works by which she is best known are: *Toilers and Spinners; Miss Angel; Madame de Sevigné; Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning*, and *Chapters from some Unwritten Memoirs*, recently published by the Messrs. Harper.

❀

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman says that there is not one of Mr. Mabie's books which he has not followed with love and interest. He confirms a growing impression that as an American essayist of the higher type, the author of *My Study Fire* and other volumes which have just been issued in a new edition is a worthy successor to his living elders and to those who have passed away.

❀

In a letter to a correspondent Mr. Stedman writes: "Mr. Mabie's essays cheer and refresh me in my jaded hours and give both knowledge and wisdom to the best among us. Like Lowell, he is in touch at once with nature and literature; and with Lowell for his early master—and with a style now so limpid, graceful, and strong that it makes him a kinsman with the most lovable and enduring essayists, and yet is singularly

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his own—he has taken a distinguished place among contemporary writers. I doubt not," continues Mr. Stedman, "that you share my belief that his best work is still before him, and that this 'collective' edition will grow larger and richer as the years go by."

❀

The trade dinners of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, London, become in Chicago *Chap-Book* Teas, except that in Chicago invitations are not limited to "the trade," and the functions are not annual, but come every two months. The last of the *Chap-Book* functions was held in the rooms of Messrs. Stone and Kimball (Chicago) March 26th. They are called Teas—probably because chocolate, ices, and confections are served—and their purpose is to bring together those whose special province is "to make culture hum." The special feature of the latest function was an exhibition of Charles Dana Gibson's original drawings for Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's last book, *Two Women and a Fool.* These were well set off in a room whose decorations were entirely in green.

❀

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's book is a commercial success, by the way, the entire first edition having been exhausted on the day of publication. One firm of booksellers gave an advance order for 750 copies. Mrs. Reginald de Koven's *A Sawdust Doll* is almost equally successful. Messrs. Stone and Kimball are very adroit and happy in selecting names for their "libraries"—the "Peacock" and the "Green Tree" affording special advantages for cover and title-page decorations.

VILLANELLE.

O where are they who love so well?
'Tis long beyond the trysting-hour:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

The Dawn has cleft her roseate shell,
The light falls in a golden shower:
O where are they who love so well?

Sweet dryads in this woodland dwell,
The stream is fringed with many a flower:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

A bird's note like a silver bell
Calls through the lacing leaves' green bower:
"O where are they who love so well?"

But here has Sorrow cast her spell;
With lovers vanished Grief doth lower:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

Birds, leaves, stream, dryads—who can tell
Why Love should be so strong a power?
O where are they who love so well?
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

Esther Singleton.

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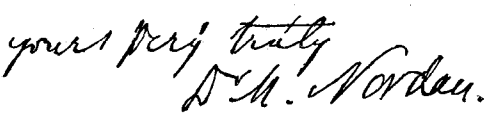
MAX SIMON NORDAU.

Max Simon Nordau, who, as the author of *Degeneration*, has of late acquired name and fame among us, was born July 29th, 1849, in Budapest of Jewish parentage. He studied medicine in his native city, where he took the doctor's degree in 1872. This same year he started out on an extended series of travels, which were continued through the succeeding seven years, during which time he saw the greater part of Europe, as he says in the preface to his second book, "from the legendary North to the romantic South." He visited in turn Austria and Germany, Russia, Denmark and Sweden, Belgium, England, France, Spain, and Italy. He even spent two months in Iceland, where he was in 1874, during the millennial celebration of the Norse settlement of the island, and where I found five years after, in 1879, that out of the horde of notables who had descended upon them that year, they still remembered him for his personality, although, as yet, he had scarcely won his spurs in any field. After his return to Budapest in 1878, he practised medicine in that city until 1880, in which year he removed to Paris. There he has since lived, engaged, since 1882, in the practice of his profession, for which he had still further qualified himself by two more years of study. His literary career began as far back as 1868, when he was still a student in Budapest. From that year until 1872 he was connected in an editorial capacity with the *Pester Lloyd*, and subsequently as feuilletonist with that paper, the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, and the *Vossische Zeitung*. His collected contributions to these journals formed the material of his first books, of which *Aus dem wahren Milliardenland*, *Pariser Studien und Bilder* (1878), *Vom Kreml zur Alhambra*, *Kulturstudien* (1879) and *Paris unter der dritten Republik*, *Neue Bilder aus dem wahren Milliardenland* (1880), although in the first place accounts of travel, are principally devoted to criticism of social and political conditions, which from the beginning has been this author's especial predilection. It was these early writings that gave him this particular style, which has always been more or less that of the feuilletonist. There is a vivacity and a journalistic "go" in them that is undeniable, although the observation upon which they are based is often astonishingly superficial, and their judgments are not infrequently untrue. They show, too, the



same *doctrinaire* expression of opinion that his later work so strikingly exhibits, and which it must be concluded is inherent in the man, and they have the same kind of sarcasm, *à la Voltaire*, but a long way after him. It was, if I remember rightly, in the autumn of 1880 that I saw him in Leipzig, where his first books had been published. I can recall, now, but little more than an incisive personality, a face of unmistakable intellectuality, and an eye that was trained to see everything that went on about it. His literary self, as subse-

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quently developed, fully embodies the impression that he made even in this fugitive contact.

Dr. Nordau's other works are *Seifenblasen; Federzeichnungen und Geschichten*, a volume of short stories (1879), *Ausgewählte Pariser Briefe* (1884), *Die konventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit* (1883), his first real study in social pathology, which in the decade after its appearance lived through fifteen editions, *Paradoxe* (1885), the novels, *Die Krankheit des Jahrhunderts* (1889) and *Gefühlskomödie* (1891), *Seelen-Analysen* (1892) and *Entartung* (1893). He has written, in addition, four plays, the comedy, *Die neuen Journalisten* (1880), subsequently called *Aus der Zeitungswelt*, this first in collaboration with Ferdinand Gross, and the dramas, *Der Krieg der Millionen* (1882), *Das Recht zu Lieben*, and *Die Augel* (1894). Only two of these books besides *Degeneration* have been published in English translations—namely, *Paradoxes* and *Conventional Lies of Society*. Dr. Nordau's rise in literature, although he has made, until now, no great stir above our horizon, has not been sudden, nor has he in *Degeneration*, from a literary point of view, attained either his greatest or possibly his most lasting success. The book, however, is in every way a notable production, although, in spite of the author's claim of "scientific criticism," it is still the feuilletonist who is writing; and that he, in his added character of pathologist, would write such a book might almost have been prophesied from the beginning. If but an insignificant outpost of the great army of us, here and elsewhere, that he stigmatises as degenerates were to read *Degeneration*, and there are reasons enough and to spare why it should be read, its popularity would not only be phenomenal, but unheard of.

William H. Carpenter.

THE ARTIST OF "THE YELLOW BOOK."

It is not too much to give Aubrey Beardsley the above distinction *par excellence* among the coterie of artists whose contributions have given to *The Yellow Book* its peculiar tone and colour. A great deal has been written about the work of this eccentric genius, but of the personality of the artist very little, if anything, seems to be known in America. As Mr. Beardsley may soon be among us, some facts about his early life and training will be of interest to the American public.

It has been stated that he is coming to this country to lecture, but I may say from what I know of him that in all likelihood he will first reconnoitre the field, and see whether America intends to take him seriously before committing himself to the platform. Of one thing we may be sure, that if Mr. Beardsley does decide to lecture, he will have something interesting to say, whether on the "ugly" or beautiful in art. Since I have been in this country I have heard many harsh things said of Mr. Beardsley, both with regard to his art and on personal grounds. I have observed that the people who have most readily permitted their artistic zeal to run to personal vituperation are just those who are altogether ignorant of the sort of man he is. For instance, they have taken seriously an absurd caricature which has appeared everywhere, and which, although affording an excellent likeness from one point of view, is by no means a fair basis on which to pass judgment, either on his work or on his character. When these critics meet Mr. Beardsley they will, I feel certain, be agreeably surprised.

Let me see if I cannot make a pen sketch of his personal appearance. His face is long and pale, and he wears his red hair—I have heard him call it auburn!—*à la Bretonne*. In height he lacks about three inches of being six feet, and his long, lanky shape gives him a rather grotesque appearance. I remember a caricature which he drew of himself in a letter which he wrote me on one occasion. He was describing a visit to Mr. Leland's house, where he had been shown the wonderful collection of paintings. This caricature could only be equalled by Mr. Walter Sickert's "Portrait of Aubrey Beardsley" in *The Yellow Book*; indeed, that portrait might have been worked from Mr.

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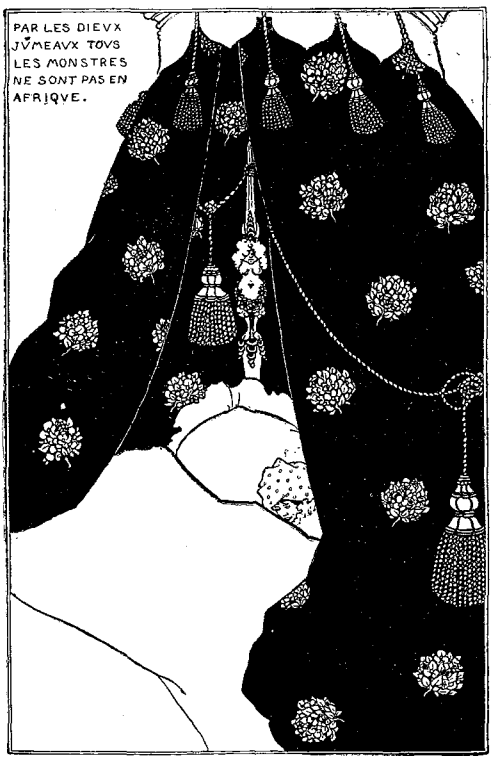
Beardsley's own sketch, so closely does it resemble the drawing in the letter.

I remember when he first came to our school, where I was already a pupil, a little fellow of about twelve years old. He wore knickerbockers, exhibiting a pair of calves (save the mark! for they were more like broomsticks) about which he got so chaffed by the other boys, that the following term he returned in trousers and an Eton jacket, in which costume he remained for the rest of his school life. He used to be up to all sorts of mischief, and many a clever scheme we have concocted together in order to raise a shilling apiece, and then steal off to the theatre. He was very fond of the play, and at that time, although we had aspirations to be artists (with a capital A), I think we had a sneaking idea that our forte was the stage. We used to get up private theatricals in the school, and on one occasion Beardsley himself wrote a farce in which we performed.

When we left school together I stayed in Brighton and Beardsley went to London, but we kept in touch with one another through the penny-post, which we taxed two or three times a week. When either of us could snatch a holiday from business, he would come to Brighton or I would run up to London to see him. On one of these trips I had an invitation to call on Mr. G. F. Watts, and I took Beardsley along with me. Mr. Watts was exceedingly kind, and gave us both great encouragement when we confided to him our ambition to become artists. At other times, when Beardsley would come down to Brighton, we would sit up all night drawing. One morning—I remember it was about six o'clock and the sun was rising—I gave him some oil-paints and brushes, and having shown him how to go to work, I coiled myself up on the sofa and went to sleep. When I awoke, to my horror, I found he had given the unfortunate woman on the canvas, green hair and a blue face, and I think, a red dress. But Beardsley was not easily daunted, and my faith in him returned when I saw him struggle incessantly against all obstacles that stood in his way to master his art.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY. BY HIMSELF.
Reproduced from THE YELLOW BOOK, Vol. III.

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It gives me some pleasure to know, as I look back on those early days of strenuous endeavour, that in some measure I stimulated him to work and enthused him in his art. I tried to persuade him, after the failure of the colour experiment, to go to the Herkomer School at Bushey, but he did not like Herkomer's work, and would not go. When he went back to London after that holiday, he called on his favourite painter, Mr. Burne-Jones, who instantly took a strong fancy to him, and appreciating the original merit in his work, advised him to go to Brown's Academy at Westminster. Mr. Fred Brown, who is now professor at the Slade School, has turned out a number of successful artists, among whom are Ravenhill, Bernard Partridge, William Parkinson, Maurice Grieffenhagen, and Dudley Hardy. Here Beardsley settled down to work steadily, and profiting by the friendly counsel of Burne-Jones, made great progress in his art. Then I left London and roamed over France, Italy, Spain, and eventually America, broken only by flying trips to London.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

At intervals I heard from Beardsley, and at last came a letter telling me how he had gone to Paris and been welcomed by Puvis de Chavannes. Then I heard of his return to London, and that he had commenced to besiege the publishers. At first they looked askance at his work, but a start was soon made under the auspices of the Messrs. Dent, who saw their chance in Beardsley, and put him to illustrating their *Morte D'Arthur*. After this came the initial number of the *Studio*, which published several of his pictures, and an article on the artist and his work, written by Mr. Joseph Pennell. In a short time he had fairly caught the tide at the flood, which has since led him on to fame and fortune, and now he is about the most successful as well as the most abused black-and-white artist in the world. It was an up-hill struggle and a hard fight, but his persistent and dogged determination to achieve success has had its reward.

When Mr. Beardsley reaches these shores, I feel confident that he will make a pleasant impression, for apart from the genius which he undoubtedly has, without regard to its character, he is one of the most delightful companions.

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Notwithstanding his great success and the universal favour which he has won inside of two years, he has the good sense to be modest when talking of himself and his work; indeed, there never was the least shadow of conceit about him. He is widely read and is a most entertaining and versatile talker, is an excellent linguist, and revels in French and Italian poetry. Since boyhood he has mingled in the coteries and circles of clever and brilliant men and women, and his ready wit and keen sense of humour have always distinguished him among the polished set in London.

G. F. Scotson-Clark.

THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

II.

One of the most curious features of the situation already described is the large number of poets that France was suddenly discovered to have; to the poets of what we might call the old orthodox school—to Sully Prudhomme, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, Jean Richepin, Armand Sylvestre, Maurice Bouchor, José Maria de Hérédia, Maurice Rollinat, Léon Dierx, Jean Lahor, Charles Grandmougin, Eugène Manuel, and many others—had soon to be added Adoré Floupette, René Ghil, Noël Loumo, Anatole Baju, Jules Laforgue, Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, Armand Mundel, Tristan Corbière, Paul Adam, Henri de Régnier, Arthur Rimbaud, Charles Vignier, Gustave Kahn, Francis Vielé Griffin, Laurent Tailhade, Ernest Raynaud, Albert Jhouney, Saint-Pol Roux, who awarded to himself the name of *Le Magnifique*, and a crowd of others.

A number of periodicals sprang up devoted to the expounding and propagating of the new poetical gospel and to the publication of the productions of its followers, *Le Chat Noir*, *Le Décadent*, *Le Scapin*, and especially *La Plume*; stranger than all, a publisher was found who volunteered to put these productions in book form before the public. This courageous man's name, Léon Vanier, should certainly not be forgotten in a review of the main features of this poetical agitation.

Poetical? "Aye, there's the rub!" Is it possible for one country to have at one time so many poets? Was not France more *poetical* when only a few names had to be added to those of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny and Alfred de Musset? Indeed, one of the truest poets of the period, Sully-Prudhomme, struck by the formlessness of these young men's utterances, warned them that rhythm is not in itself poetry,

JEAN MORÉAS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and that French literature is remarkably rich in pages of magnificent rhythmic prose.

Then, in addition to their revolt against the trammels of the old versification, what was these young men's *message?* Alas! few were those who could understand their lines. Who will undertake to explain the opening quatrain of Stéphane Mallarmé's best known sonnet?

> Une dentelle s'abolit
> Dans le doute du jeu suprème
> A n'entrouvrir comme un blasphème
> Qu'absence éternelle de lit.

It seemed, indeed, that there was a set purpose to strip the French language

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of its most striking quality—clearness. Attacks were not wanting; but the new poets found a defender, as we said, in Verlaine, who then published his *Poètes Maudits*, and a kind of law-maker in a young Greek, Jean Moréas, who rejected the name of *décadent*, and announced the formation of the symbolist school. Baudelaire was hailed as the ancestor; one of his lines,

"Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent,"

was quoted as stating the main principle of a new "Art Poétique." Arthur Rimbaud, who perhaps was simply thinking of perpetrating some huge joke, published his famous sonnet on the colour of the vowels,

A noir, E blanc, I rouge, V vert, O bleu, voyelles,
Je dirai quelques jours vos naissances latentes,

and René Ghil insisted that I is not red, but blue. And still there was in all that something else than pure nonsense. These men did achieve some good; they showed that the time had come to discard some of the old restraints; they wrote dodecasyllabics that were harmonious, though without a cæsura right in the middle of the line; they re-introduced combinations of vowels familiar to the poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but proscribed afterward by Boileau and by all the French poets since Boileau's time. Even in prose they showed that too great a desire for clearness had resulted in too frequent a use of the most unmeaning and unsuggestive of words, prepositions, conjunctions, etc. The following lines of Stéphane Mallarmé, while tersely setting forth some of the new theories, are an admirable specimen of a French more compact perhaps than anything written since the seventeenth century, while in no way deficient in clearness:

Un lettré français, ses lectures interrompues à la mort de Victor Hugo, il y a quelques ans, ne peut, s'il les souhaite poursuivre, qu'être déconcerté. Hugo, dans sa tâche mystérieuse, rabattit toute la prose, philosophie, éloquence, histoire au vers, et, comme il était le vers personnellement, il confisqua chez qui pense, discourre ou narre, presque le droit à s'énoncer. Monument dans le désert, avec le silence loin; dans une crypte, la divinité ainsi d'une majestueuse idée inconsciente, à savoir que la forme appelée vers est simplement elle-même la littérature; que vers il y a sitôt que s'accentue la diction, rhythme dès que style. Notre vers, je le crois, avec respect attendit que le géant qui l'identifiait à sa main tenace et plus ferme toujours de forgeron, vînt à manquer; pour, lui, se rompre. . . . .

Le remarquable est que, pour la première fois, au cours de l'histoire littéraire d'aucun peuple, concurremment aux grandes orgues générales et séculaires, où s'exalte, d'après un latent clavier, l'orthodoxie, quiconque avec son jeu et son ouïe individuels se peut composer un instrument, dès qu'il souffle, le frôle ou frappe avec science; en user à part et le dédier aussi à la langue.

Une haute liberté littéraire d'acquise, la plus neuve: je ne vois, et ce reste mon intense opinion, effacement de rien qui ait été beau dans le passé, je demeure convaincu que dans les occasions amples on obéira toujours à la tradition solennelle, dont la prépondérance relève du génie classique; seulement lorsqu'il n'y aura pas lieu, à

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ. (SKETCH BY WHISTLER.)

cause d'une sentimentale bouffée ou pour une anecdote, de déranger les échos vénérables, on regardera à le faire. Toute âme est une mélodie, qu'il s'agit de renouer; et pour cela, sont la flûte et la viole de chacun. Selon moi jaillit tard une condition vraie ou la possibilité, de s'exprimer non seulement, mais de se moduler à son gré. . . .

Parler n'a trait à la réalité des choses que commercialement; en littérature, cela se contente d'y faire une allusion ou de distraire leur qualité pour incorporer quelque idée. A cette condition s'élance le chant qu'il soit la joie d'être allégé.

No readers of the above passages will be surprised to hear that their author should have proved an admirable translater of English poetry. His rendering of Poe's poems, especially of "The Raven," is nothing short of wonderful. He has undoubtedly enriched the French

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language and demonstrated its hitherto unrecognised power to reproduce foreign masterpieces without forcing them, against their spirit, into the cast-iron mould of its complicated syntax. Part of this must be due to his close, continuous contact with English literature. M. Mallarmé is one of the professors of English in the most intellectually alert of the Parisian lycées, the Lycée Condorcet.

English influence, moreover, is also discernible in Verlaine's poetry. Verlaine resided a good deal in England, and his productions certainly owe to English literature a quality which the plain-spoken poetry of France formerly lacked—that is, suggestiveness. The favourite painter both of Verlaine and Mallarmé is Whistler; and one of Mallarmé's most curious writings is his *Ten o'clock de Monsieur Whistler*.

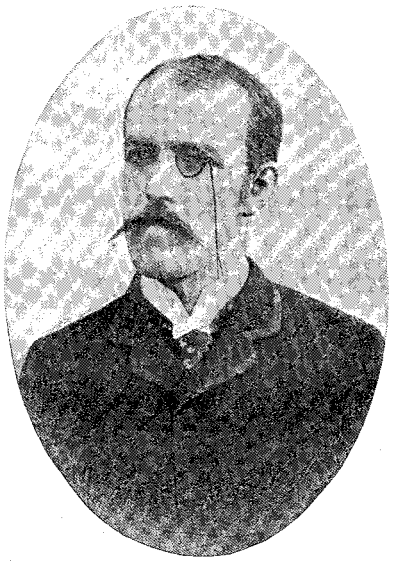
To return to Verlaine, who remains, after all, the most striking, the most interesting because the truest of the poets who broke away from the old limitations, we have had from him since the publication of *Sagesse* a number of collections which could not very well be spared. In *Jadis et Naguère*, still more in *Romances sans paroles*, musical effects are found which are truly new in French poetry. Thus the following treatment of one of the formerly forbidden metres, the hendecasyllabic:

Il faut, voyez-vous, nous pardonner les choses.
De cette façon, nous serons bien heureuses,
Et si notre vie a des instants moroses,
Du moins nous serons, n'est-ce pas? deux pleu-
[reuses.

We hardly need to call the reader's attention to the languishing effect due, in addition to the metre itself, to the fact that contrary to all the rules of old French poetry, Verlaine has here entirely discarded the masculine rhymes and trusted entirely to the feminine. Every one of the lines of the quatrain, and of the whole piece for that matter, ends with a mute, none with a sonorous syllable.

But we strike here the weakness of this new movement. It pays too much attention to form, too little to matter. One school succeeds another. The *décadents* become the Symbolists; now symbolism itself is dead, and its earliest herald, Jean Moréas, the poet of the *Syrtes* and the *Cantilènes*, presides over the destinies of the *Ecole Gréco-Romane*. We had almost said that all this production belongs to what is known as pure literature, but we remembered in time that some pieces of *Odes en son honneur* and of *Parallèlement*, both by Verlaine, can hardly be called *pure* literature. Moreover, even putting aside the *double entendre* implied in the foregoing lines, what singles Verlaine out of the crowd of contemporary versifiers is the intensity of his subjectivism. All this poetry, indeed, is subjective; but while Mallarmé, Francis Vielé Griffin, Henri de Régnier are dealing merely with the rare and exquisite impressions (this is what they are after) which they are constantly trying to receive, Verlaine translates real and powerful emotions. He is constantly swinging from an ascetic and mystic Christianity to an exuberant and frightfully plain-spoken paganism, but he is sincere in both. He sins with unutterable delight and revels in the description of his sin, then sinks on his knees and smites his breast with all the might he can control, and weeps bitter tears of repentance until he exults in the hope of forgiveness. His poetry is human, it is sincere. But in his poetry, as well as in his life, his rejection of all rule, of all self-control, of all submission to the law of usefulness to and respect for his fellow-man has, in spite of his rare gifts, stopped him short—very far short, indeed—of the height reached by the great singers of the human race.

Adolphe Cohn.



HENRI DE REGNIER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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A VISIT TO MRS. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

Mrs. Ritchie, who has now transferred her household gods to The End House, Wimbledon, lived, when I visited her, at Kingsley Lodge, in the Lingfield Road, of that same bracing suburb of London whence her husband daily repaired to his office in town, and her dark-eyed boy and girl—named respectively "William Makepeace Dennis" and "Hester"—found their amusement in holiday hours upon the golf-links close at hand.

MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE (ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.)

(By permission of Harper & Bros.)

Although she had called at my lodgings in Clarges Street and we had exchanged several notes, I had never met Thackeray's daughter face to face until the afternoon of one ninth of June, when we were bidden by her to take tea and dine in honour of her birthday. It was also upon the cards that we were to meet there other friends, and enjoy an impromptu exhibition of the original sketches in water-colour made by her father to illustrate *The Rose and the Ring*. I may truly say that no invitation in crowded London just then could have offered me such an attraction; and that, from the agreeable company of a roomful of celebrities who were lingering over their coffee after a luncheon-party, I hurried with positive eagerness to take the underground train to Wimbledon. For was I not about to meet the living representative of the chief literary passion of my life?

By more than one person who knew her, I had been told I should find many delightful suggestions of her father in "dear Anne Ritchie." Her interest in me was bespoken by the friend who brought us together in the quaint statement that my forbears in Virginia were the chief mourners at Colonel Esmond's funeral! Certainly, when I reached her house, the warm grasp of my hostess's hand, the kind welcome of her eyes and lips, made me feel this visit was to her more than the ordinary votive offering by an American to an English person of literary renown.

In the drawing-room opening upon a little garden at the back—whither we afterward resorted for the inauguration of a summer house Mr. Ritchie had erected as a birthday token for his wife—were various souvenirs of the home life of the great Thackeray. But, from all of them, I found my attention wandering back to the charming and gracious personality of the woman who, as her guests gathered for tea at five o'clock, contrived to let each in turn feel her magnetic influence.

Into my mind came, as I watched her, those lines written about her father:

> "———his life all wrought
> Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways;
> His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
> His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise."

In writing of one who *is*, there are peculiar difficulties; the pen halts, the ink refuses to flow, and whatever is accomplished seems to challenge the sense of good taste. To give Mrs. Ritchie's now large American following an opportunity to see her "in her habit, as she

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lives," I have written and rewritten several descriptive paragraphs; and, after all, I go back to the impressions I recorded in a letter of that day.

"A woman taller than the average of her sex, dignified in bearing, holding herself erect—of fresh complexion, clear-eyed and wholesome, although she claims her share of the disabilities of delicate health; in manner genial, outspoken, and impulsive; soft of voice and choice of language; to children, her own and others, kind, playful, tender, with the forbearing indulgence Thackeray showed in a thousand ways toward the young. Dressed in a high gown of black velvet, with a bit of lace worn cap-wise upon her brown hair touched with gray, she seemed to me an ideal English gentlewoman, shrined in the sunshine of a happy English home."

Next, upon a little table, behind which she sat as show-woman, was laid the precious portfolio containing the *Rose and Ring* pictures. Facing them, some of us sat, some stood, in a group, peering over each other's shoulders with eager interest. Among the latter was an American lad of fourteen, who, having been well brought up in the traditions of the bewitching fairy tale, was prompt, as Mrs. Ritchie with loving fingers held up each picture in turn, to recognise his favourites.

The first apparition of Valoroso XXIV., King of Paflagonia, sitting with his moon-faced queen and the Princess Angelica in a forest of curl papers, at a breakfast-table modestly supplied with an urn and a dozen eggs in cups, elicited from the youngest visitor a note of joyous greeting. And as Bulbo, Betsinda, Giglio, Gruffanuff, and the rest came to light, more enticing than we had ever seen them in their livery of soft gay colours, and now and again the exhibitor would pause, momentarily puzzled, to recall a familiar name, the same young voice, quite as a matter of course, supplied it. At last Mrs. Ritchie, smiling in his direction, cried out, "Well done, America!"

The dear old story, she then told us, had been written to amuse her and her sister, one Christmas in Rome, when the Thackerays inhabited an apartment high in the air, over a pastry cook's shop in the Palazzo Poniatowski, *via* Della Croce.

These rooms, suggested to them by Robert Browning, had been rented from an Italian family consisting of a queer old dame and her daughters, all in dingy camisoles, who had forthwith vanished from sight, leaving the English lodgers in proud possession of a suite of lofty rooms into which were crowded furniture and bric-à-brac like an old Curiosity Shop. The little girls, coming thus into what seemed a fairy kingdom of delight, could only "dance about to express their enchantment!"

Here came into being the adventures of Rosalba and Giglio, created to make for his children not only a Roman holiday, but an English Christmas. The tale was fitted to what Thackeray called "a set of Twelfth Night Characters," already drawn, and gave to its beneficiaries the keen delight it has afforded to so many thousands since. In listening to Mrs. Ritchie's sympathetic voice, we needed no great stretch of imagination to be present when the droll story first took shape. The great foreign rooms, "the fusty, fascinating smell from the old hangings," the white doves fluttering outside their many windows, "the scent of flowers and the sense of fountains"—we were there in person, and, better than all, in the radiant presence of Thackeray, his face aglow with fun and longing to confer happiness upon the pair ever first in his tender thoughts!

The sketches gave a much better idea of Thackeray's skill with pencil and brush and pigment than any reproductions of them in black and white that I have seen would suggest.

When the covers had again closed upon the reunion of Countess Gruffanuff with her husband the grim Hall Porter, we felt as if the curtain had fallen upon an actual Pantomime.

Then the group of onlookers broke up for tea and chat—we strolled into the garden for our little ceremonial of dedicating the new summer-house—and at last the tea people went away, leaving, to make farther claim upon the hospitality of Kingsley Lodge, only the two Americans.

Off to the golf-links sped the young people, to enjoy the evening hours remaining before dinner; their elders retired upstairs, where, in the company of a cosey little fire and a new book by Mrs. Oliphant, I was bidden to take my rest. But even as, with her hand upon the

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latch to leave the room, my hostess consigned me to a period of absolute solitude and silence, a question arose between us. She turned, we talked again, she dropped into a chair; we went on talking; and the dressing-bell for dinner found us still immersed, neither perhaps as well as if she had taken the needed rest, but one assuredly the richer for a treasured memory.

In a chat about *The Virginians*, I told Mrs. Ritchie that, upon coming to the age to appreciate certain old tawny manuscripts belonging to family records, I had been haunted by the feeling that, before writing his history of George and Harry Warrington, their dear old grandfather and the fiery little mother, Mr. Thackeray must in some way have acquired the contents of those sheets. But this, I knew, could not have been the case, and so I continued to be perplexed, until, in conversation in 1868 with the late William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, Thackeray's dear friend, Mr. Reed said he could himself throw some light upon the subject.

This gentleman, an accomplished historiographer and *littérateur*, who wrote one of the most charming of the published reminiscences of Thackeray, was thoroughly imbued with the romantic and picturesque aspects of relations some Virginian families long bore to England before and after our Revolutionary War. He mentioned the Fairfaxes as conspicuous examples, and cited the coming of the sixth Lord Fairfax from England, after a disappointment in love, to end his days in the Virginian wilderness, where, after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he died loyal to the Crown, but still on affectionate terms with his friend, George Washington. He spoke particularly of the return to England in 1775, to take possession of patrimonial acres in Yorkshire, of young George William Fairfax, who married Sally Cary, of Virginia, and had been bred on the plantation upon the Potomac, where George Washington was his comrade in an intimacy not interrupted even by the war itself; and he recalled various other bits of Fairfax and Cary family history and of old-time gossip that lend colour to Thackeray's romance.

Of these, with many other details of American life in Colonial and Revolutionary times, Mr. Reed said he had repeatedly talked with Thackeray, as they sat over their wine on occasions during the latter's visit to the United States when *The Virginians* was conceived. Mr. Reed added that although the author, with his quick eye for dramatic effect, had selected the incident of the crossed swords in Mr. Prescott's study in Boston as the immediate inspiring cause of the story, he loved to think Thackeray had also taken some of the material for one of his most successful novels from those friendly chats with him.

To these few facts and impressions of, to me, a most interesting occasion—which I promised to set down for the BOOKMAN—I add only one other souvenir.

When Mrs. Ritchie made use, in conversation, of the word "authoress," I told her I had always eschewed it, in consequence of her father's vigorous denunciation: "Remember it, ye writeresses; there is no such word as authoress!" Whereupon Mrs. Ritchie, laughing, said a great many things out of her father's works had arisen up before this one to condemn her!

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie have built for themselves and taken possession of The End House, whence she writes to me in full enjoyment of spacious rooms, "a little study where for the first time I feel like an *authoress*, another where my husband sits and smokes and does his India office papers." With "a loggia for summer days, and birds singing to the hills outside, I can't think of anything particular to say about myself, except that I don't much like getting old, but I have a great deal to make up for it."

With a young daughter of seventeen, a son at school, "getting as many marks as Giglio, and the Greek prize, and the mathematical and so on," a charming home and the warm regard of many friends, personal and impersonal, we can, while denying the approach of age, safely credit the compensating circumstances.

Constance Cary Harrison.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

III. MEDITATION AND IMAGINATION.

There is a book in the British Museum which would have, for many people, a greater value than any other single volume in the world; it is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, and it bears Shakespeare's autograph on a fly-leaf. There are other books which must have had the same ownership; among them were Holinshed's *Chronicles* and North's translation of Plutarch. Shakespeare would have laid posterity under still greater obligations, if that were possible, if in some autobiographic mood he had told us how he read these books; for never, surely, were books read with greater insight and with more complete absorption. Indeed, the fruits of this reading were so rich and ripe that the books from which their juices came seem but dry husks and shells in comparison. The reader drained the writer dry of every particle of suggestiveness, and then recreated the material in new and imperishable forms. The process of reproduction was individual, and is not to be shared by others; it was the expression of that rare and inexplicable personal energy which we call genius; but the process of absorption may be shared by all who care to submit to the discipline which it involves. It is clear that Shakespeare read in such a way as to possess what he read; he not only remembered it, but he incorporated it into himself. No other kind of reading could have brought the East out of its grave, with its rich and languorous atmosphere steeping the senses in the charm of Cleopatra, or recalled the massive and powerfully organised life of Rome about the person of the great Cæsar. Shakespeare read his books with such insight and imagination that they became part of himself; and so far as this process is concerned, the reader of to-day can follow in his steps.

The majority of people have not learned this secret; they read for information or for refreshment; they do not read for enrichment. Feeding one's nature at all the sources of life, browsing at will on all the uplands of knowledge and thought, do not bear the fruit of acquirement only; they put us into personal possession of the vitality, the truth, and the beauty about us. A man may know the plays of Shakespeare accurately as regards their order, form, construction, and language, and yet remain almost without knowledge of what Shakespeare was at heart, and of his significance in the history of the human soul. It is this deeper knowledge, however, which is essential for culture; for culture is such an appropriation of knowledge that it becomes a part of ourselves. It is no longer something added by the memory; it is something possessed by the soul. A pedant is formed by his memory; a man of culture is formed by the habit of meditation, and by the constant use of the imagination. An alert and curious man goes through the world taking note of all that passes under his eyes, and collects a great mass of information, which is in no sense incorporated into his own mind, but remains a definite territory outside his own nature, which he has annexed. A man of receptive mind and heart, on the other hand, meditating on what he sees, and getting at its meaning by the divining-rod of the imagination, discovers the law behind the phenomena, the truth behind the fact, the vital force which flows through all things and gives them their significance. The first man gains information; the second gains culture. The pedant pours out an endless succession of facts with a monotonous uniformity of emphasis, and exhausts while he instructs; the man of culture gives us a few facts, luminous in their relation to each other, and freshens and stimulates by bringing us into contact with ideas and with life.

To get at the heart of books we must live with and in them; we must make them our constant companions; we must turn them over and over in thought, slowly penetrating their innermost meaning; and when we possess their thought we must work it into our own thought. The reading of a real book ought to be an event in one's history; it ought to enlarge the vision, deepen the base of conviction, and add to the reader whatever knowledge, insight, beauty, and

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power it contains. It is possible to spend years of study on what may be called the externals of the *Divine Comedy*, and remain unaffected in nature by this contact with one of the masterpieces of the spirit of man as well as of the art of literature. It is also possible to so absorb Dante's thought and so saturate one's self with the life of the poem as to add to one's individual capital of thought and experience all that the poet discerned in that deep heart of his and wrought out of that intense and tragic experience. But this permanent and personal possession can be acquired by those alone who brood over the poem and recreate it within themselves by the play of the imagination upon it. A visitor was shown into Mr. Lowell's room one evening not many years ago, and found him barricaded behind rows of open books ; they covered the table and were spread out on the floor in an irregular but magic circle. "Still studying Dante?" said the intruder into the workshop of as true a man of culture as we have known on this continent. "Yes," was the prompt reply ; "always studying Dante."

A man's intellectual character is determined by what he habitually thinks about. The mind cannot always be consciously directed to definite ends ; it has hours of relaxation. There are many hours in the life of the most strenuous and arduous man when the mind goes its own way and thinks its own thoughts. These times of relaxation, when the mind follows its own bent, are perhaps the most fruitful and significant periods in a rich and noble intellectual life. The real nature, the deeper instincts of the man come out in these moments, as essential refinement and genuine breeding are revealed when the man is off guard and acts and speaks instinctively. It is possible to be mentally active and intellectually poor and sterile ; to drive the mind along certain courses of work, but to have no deep life of thought behind these calculated activities. The life of the mind is rich and fruitful only when thought, released from specific tasks, flies at once to great themes as its natural objects of interest and love, its natural sources of refreshment and strength. Under all our definite activities there runs a stream of meditation ; and the character of that meditation determines our wealth or our poverty, our productiveness or our sterility.

This instinctive action of the mind, although largely unconscious, is by no means irresponsible ; it may be directed and controlled ; it may be turned, by such control, into a Pactolian stream, enriching us while we rest and ennobling us while we play. For the mind may be trained to meditate on great themes instead of giving itself up to idle reverie ; when it is released from work it may concern itself with the highest things as readily as with those which are insignificant and paltry. Whoever can command his meditations in the streets, along the country roads, in the train, in the hours of relaxation can enrich himself for all time without effort or fatigue ; for it is as easy and restful to think about great things as about small ones. A certain lover of books made this discovery years ago, and has turned it to account with great profit to himself. He thought he discovered in the faces of certain great writers a meditative quality full of repose and suggestive of a constant companionship with the highest themes. It seemed to him that these thinkers, who had done so much to liberate his own thought, must have dwelt habitually with noble ideas ; that in every leisure hour they must have turned instinctively to those deep things which concern most closely the life of men. The vast majority of men are so absorbed in dealing with material that they appear to be untouched by the general questions of life ; but these general questions are the habitual concern of the men who think. In such men the mind, released from specific tasks, turns at once and by preference to these great themes, and by quiet meditation feeds and enriches the very soul of the thinker. And the quality of this meditation determines whether the nature shall be productive or sterile ; whether a man shall be merely a logician or a creative force in the world. Following this hint, this lover of books persistently trained himself, in his leisure hours, to think over the books he was reading ; to meditate on particular passages, and, in the case of dramas and novels, to look at characters from different sides. It was not easy at first, and it was distinctively work ; but it became instinctive at last, and consequently it became play. The stream of thought, once set in a given

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direction, flows now of its own gravitation ; and reverie, instead of being idle and meaningless, has become rich and fruitful. If one subjects *The Tempest* for instance, to this process, he soon learns it by heart ; first he feels its beauty, then he gets whatever definite information there is in it ; as he reflects its constructive unity grows clear to him, and he sees its quality as a piece of art ; and finally its rich and noble disclosure of the poet's conception of life grows upon him until the play belongs to him almost as much as it belonged to Shakespeare. This process of meditation habitually brought to bear on one's reading lays bare the very heart of the book in hand, and puts one into complete possession of it.

This process of meditation, if it is to bear its richest fruit, must be accompanied by a constant play of the imagination, than which there is no faculty more readily cultivated or more constantly neglected. Some readers see only a flat surface as they read ; others find the book a door into a real world, and forget that they are dealing with a book. The real readers get beyond the book into the life which it describes. They see the island in *The Tempest ;* they hear the tumult of the storm ; they mingle with the little company who, on that magical stage, reflect all the passions of men and are brought under the spell of the highest powers of man's spirit. It is a significant fact that in the lives of men of genius the reading of two or three books has often provoked an immediate and striking expansion of thought and power. Samuel Johnson, a clumsy boy in his father's bookshop, searching for apples, came upon Petrarch, and was destined henceforth to be a man of letters. John Keats, apprenticed to a surgeon, read Spenser's *Epithalamium* one golden afternoon in company with his friend, Cowden Clarke, and from that hour was a poet by the grace of God. In both cases the readers read with the imagination, or their own natures would not have kindled with so sudden a flash. The torch is passed on only to those whose hands are outstretched to receive it. To read with the imagination, one must take time to let the figures reform in his own mind ; he must see them with great distinctness and realise them with great definiteness. Benjamin Franklin tells us, in that Autobiography which was one of our earliest and remains one of our most genuine pieces of writing, that when he discovered his need of a larger vocabulary he took some of the tales which he found in an odd volume of the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse ; "and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper." Such a patient recasting of material for the ends of verbal exactness and accuracy suggests ways in which the imagination may deal with characters and scenes in order to stimulate and foster its own activity. It is well to recall at frequent intervals the story we read in some dramatist, poet, or novelist in order that the imagination may set it before us again in all its rich vitality. It is well also as we read to insist on seeing the picture as well as the words. It is as easy to see the bloodless duke before the portrait of "My Last Duchess," in Browning's little masterpiece, to take in all the accessories and carry away with us a vivid and lasting impression, as it is to follow with the eye the succession of words. In this way we possess the poem, and make it serve the ends of culture.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER'S TREADMILL.

Some of our authors are questioning the possibility of obtaining a partial relief and, perhaps, at the same time, a financial return from the collectors of autographs for the demands they make on the writer's time and patience. Mr. Howells, for instance, who says he has hitherto been very gentle and yielding to those who have asked for his signature, now has it in mind to make a sharp change. He explains what he proposes to do about it in the following para-

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graphs, which appeared recently in the New York *Sun*:

"The requests for my autograph have of late become so burdensome that I am obliged either to refuse all or to make some sort of limitation. Every author must have an uneasy fear that his signature is 'collected' at times like postage stamps, and at times 'traded' among the collectors for other signatures. That would not matter so much if the applicants were always able to spell his name, or were apparently acquainted with his work or interested in it.

"I propose, therefore, to give my name hereafter only to such askers as can furnish me proof by intelligent comment upon it that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book, their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all instances a card and stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment' except in the case of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all my books, now some thirty or forty in number."

Mr. Howells will soon have a circular ready for inclosure to autograph hunters that will explain the stand he has taken. If the scheme works well and increases sales, other authors will naturally adopt a similar course, and the autograph hunter will be regarded in a new light by our men of letters.

Rudyard Kipling is perhaps the first writer to really try a scheme of this sort. He has no end of requests for autographs. Indeed, in a single week he has received as many as two hundred of these begging letters. The situation became desperate when things reached this stage, and Mr. Kipling was inspired to sit down and compose a short circular to autograph seekers. This circular he has had printed, and, more than that, he has had the type-matter electrotyped, and is prepared to issue as many new editions of the circular as he finds need for. What he says to the autograph hunter in the circular is that he will send the desired signature as soon as he sees the name of the one who asked it printed in the New York *Tribune* as a contributor of not less than two dollars and a half to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund.

It is clear that Mr. Kipling intends, if possible, to make the hunter of autographs of some use in the world. One interesting point is the valuation he places on his autograph. Two dollars and a half is the minimum. But Mr. Kipling apparently regards the whole matter of autograph hunting as incidental, and he turns the proceeds into a philanthropic channel. Yet a little figuring would seem to show that the subject is worthy of being taken more seriously, and that it has glowing possibilities as a source of personal support.

If an author would work up a regular business of two hundred cash-down signatures a week he would, as the world goes, be doing very well for himself. That would bring in $500 a week, or $25,000 a year, allowing him two weeks vacation. An author without extravagant habits ought to be able to lay aside something for a rainy day on such an income. What he received from his ordinary, every-day literary writing he could use for pin-money and to buy ink with for his autograph writing.

Mr. Howells says there have been no authors who through their work have become millionaires. Doubtless this is true, but the future is bright with prospects of a change. Very likely by the end of the twentieth century, when the full business possibilities of autograph writing are realized, all the authors will be millionaires.

Clifton Johnson.

AT THE GRAVE OF ROSSETTI.

No lover of the high things of poetry who visits the Isle of Thanet will desire to cross its boundary on his homeward way until he has made pilgrimage to Birchington-on-Sea, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti spent his last weeks of life, and where his body lies in the pretty little rural churchyard. Birchington lies on the Thanet coast, only a few miles Londonward of those popular resorts, Ramsgate and Margate; but the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat* to whom they are dear, have never looked into the fathomless eyes of the "Blessed

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Damozel," or spelt out the starry symbols of the "House of Life;" and, apart from its single association, Birchington is curiously devoid of obvious attractions. It is like the face of a plain maiden, glorified only by one transfiguring expression which few are privileged to see: and those who see it not may be forgiven if they pass regardlessly by. True, there is the delicate charm of silence, accentuated at the hour of wind-swept flood by the sea's "listless chime," which to the dead poet seemed, "Time's self . . . made audible;" but even silence needs for its full beatitude some reinforcement of beauty; and of beauty, other than that of the sunlighted waves—which is a grace of vesture rather than of body—Birchington has no dower.

Seaward of the railway line, which takes the place on its way from London to Ramsgate, are flat, grassy spaces, with an obviously painful expression of waiting for the speculative builder, who is, I doubt not, on his way to them. Intersecting each other at obtrusively accurate right angles are roads of garish newness, and scattered up and down them are still newer villas, dear to those who feel a certain blissful dignity in mere remoteness from the herd. The clustered bungalows, which give Birchington a certain *cachet* of aristocracy—pretty wooden structures in which Indian fashions are adapted to English requirements—stand much nearer to the sea than the newer brick houses; but the long, rambling white dwelling, which Mr. Seddon placed at the disposal of the dying poet, is some little distance inland, though it is as yet the last house in Beach Avenue, which is the main thoroughfare—howbeit few are those who fare thereon—between the railway station and the solitary shore. Prior to 1882 it was simply known as "The Bungalow;" now the name "Rossetti," inscribed on the gate-posts, tells the pilgrim that here the great painter-poet and poet-painter was overtaken by "the desultory feet of death."

To reach the churchyard the visitor has to retrace his steps from the bungalow; to recross the railway bridge; and to take the road which leads to the little village about a quarter of a mile further inland. Heretofore he has noted nothing but a mere lack of beauty; now he is confronted by positive ugliness. The few cottages are decayed and squalid rather than picturesque; the more recent buildings recall the cheap, unfinished London suburb. One can hardly give the name of fields to the untidy, badly-fenced grassy patches; and the little bits of market-garden are defaced by bare, unsightly wooden sheds. The old and the new are in conflict, and each has damaged the other without securing any advantage to itself. When, however, one reaches the village proper one finds that the old is, in the main, master of the field, though even the antiquity of the village is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of modernity. It is only on entering the churchyard that one seems really able to break loose from to-day, and to join the company of the shadowy years. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep; and if their shades visit the place where their bodies repose, they meet no rough, insolent reminder of the fact that "the old order changes, giving place to new." The pretty old church itself, built of flint boulders bedded in cement—a conglomerate of material which seems to have been long in favour hereabouts—testifies to the period when the austere severity of early English was beginning to blossom in beauty of tracery, though a Saxon font within the building hints at a still more venerable antiquity.

Close to the entrance door on the south side of the church is the grave which is the goal of our pilgrimage. At the foot of its grassy mound is a spreading bush which somewhat unmannerly encroaches upon sacred soil, and against the eviction of which no protest would be raised. At the head stands a runic cross, bearing on its back and front two inscriptions. That on the back informs the wayfarer that

> "This cruciform monument, bespoken by Dante Rossetti's mother, was designed by his lifelong friend, Ford Madox Brown, executed by J. and H. Paterson, and erected by his brother William and his sister Christina Rossetti."

The inscription in front, which is, of course, the epitaph proper, runs thus:—

> "Here sleeps Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, honoured under the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet. Born in London, of parentage mainly Italian, 12th of May, 1828; died at Birchington, 9th of April, 1882."

The word "mainly" on a monumen-

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tal inscription seems almost a superfluous refinement of accuracy, as among Rossetti's immediate progenitors only his maternal grandmother was of wholly non-Italian descent; but it may have been thought well, and was certainly not unfitting, to commemorate, if only by an allusive hint, the strain of English blood in one who, though his name bespeaks the countryman of Dante and Petrarch, will always be numbered among the great poets of England.

The arms of the cross—which enclose in each of their four angles a symbolical pomegranate, the fruit of sanguine seed—are devoted to a design suggested by Rossetti's mystical ballad, "Eden Bower." Lilith, half snake, half-woman, who according to Talmudic legend was the first wife of Adam, grips with her lower serpentine coils the trunk of one of the forbidden trees of Eden; her bosom rests upon the dividing fork; the head rises above it in delicate poise, and the lithe arms stretch along the branches to grasp the rounded fruit. Underneath is a marriage, and as the figure of the bridegroom is unmistakably that of Dante we may infer that the female figure is Beatrice, who was indeed the immortal bride of his spirit. As, however, the design is a frank departure from the actual history of a love "that never knew his earthly close," it may be assumed that the designer's conception has a symbolical and personal reference to the real life of Rossetti, who not only translated the *Vita Nuova*, but in *Dante at Verona*, entered into imaginative realisation of the prideful sorrow of the great Florentine. This assumption is supported by two significant details. Dante carries in his hand a book which recalls the volume that Rossetti buried in the coffin of his dead wife; and the priest who officiates with bandaged eyes seems to play the part of a blind presiding destiny. Below this suggestive piece of symbolism is a winged Assyrian bull, which at once recalls the sombre imaginative reverie that finds expression in "The Burden of Nineveh;" and below this again is a design so simple that he who runs may read. An old monk-painter sits at his easel, and at the touch of death his brush falls from his right hand. The bent thumb of his left hand still holds the palette, and as the cowl slips down the head is seen to be encircled by an aureole. Lastly, at the very base of the cross, and immediately above the epitaph, is what appears to be the ground-plan of a maze or labyrinth—fit image of the mystery of life—the involved curves shaping themselves at one spot into a monogram formed of the initials D. G. R. To the careless tourist the monumental stone may seem too elaborately inscribed with half-veiled significance; but to such a one the designer did not appeal, and those who have lovingly read the riddle of Rossetti will not fail to read the riddle of his friend, who has since joined him in that Beyond which to us on the hidden side is the greatest riddle of all.

Within the church, at the western end of the south wall, is the memorial window placed there "to the glory of God, and in memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by the poet's venerable mother. The window, being in a low aisle, is not large, but there are two lights filled by separate designs. That on the right, which is the work of one of the dearest of Rossetti's artist friends, represents Christ's gift of sight to the blind man. At the door of the synagogue, behind the principal figures, stand two gloomy Pharisees; up a long path to the distant Sea of Galilee a flock of sheep follows the shepherd, and white doves circle in the upper air. The left light is occupied by Rossetti's own design, originally embodied in a drawing, "The Passover in the Holy Family," and in the volume of *Poems* (1870) he himself describes the theme:—

> "The scene is the house-porch, where Christ holds a bowl of blood from which Zacharias is sprinkling the posts and lintel. Joseph has brought the lamb, and Elizabeth lights the pyre. The shoes which John fastens and the bitter herbs which Mary is gathering form part of the ritual."

In the volume these sentences stand as a foot-note to one of the many sonnets which Rossetti wrote to accompany and interpret his own pictures and drawings; and in the poem is crystalised the spiritual significance which the drawing holds in solution.

> "Here meet together the prefiguring day
> And day prefigured. 'Eating, there shall stand
> Feet shod, loins girt, thy road staff in thine hand,
> With blood-stained door and lintel,'—did God say
> By Moses' mouth in ages passed away.

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And now, where this poor household doth comprise
At Paschal feast two kindred families,—
Lo! the slain lamb confronts the Lamb to slay.

"The pyre is piled. What agony's crown attained,
What shadow of death the Boy's fair brow subdues
Who holds the blood with which the porch is stained
By Zachary the priest? John binds the shoes
He deemed himself not worthy to unloose;
And Mary culls the bitter herbs ordained."

The legends accompanying the designs, "The light shineth in darkness," and "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us," interpret the unity of the double composition—the presentation of Christ as illuminator and redeemer.

As my friends and I left the little churchyard behind us, and retraced our steps in the clear light of a July evening, even the obtrusive uncomeliness of the flat, dusty lane had lost its power to irritate and depress. We were in high companionship, for Rossetti walked with us by the way, murmuring his own words of mingled doubt and affirmation:—

"The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way
Whatever there is to know
That shall we know one day.'"

James Ashcroft Noble.

A REMINISCENCE.

We gathered daffodils beside the sea
This day last year. Ah! Time gives back to me
The sunny hours then told—
Beneath old apple-trees I saw you pass,
Stooping to gather from the lush green grass
The lily forms of gold.

We were so glad to find so much delight;
You jumped the running brook, your eyes as bright
As water in the sun,
Which speaks and sparkles under budding leaves;
And, when we bound our heavy yellow sheaves,
Your voice rang out with fun,

Chiding the shaggy pony's laziness
Because, well-browsed, he would not homeward press,
But crept along the lane.
This day last year, the birds sang clear and high,
No hint came from the blue of sea or sky
That tears should fall like rain.

To-day I send you daffodils, my dear;
You will not lift your hand to draw them near,
Or heed the thoughts they bring.
Wrapped in the tender mystery of death,
To-day they lay you in the earth beneath,
No more to feel the sweet but restless breath
Of our elusive spring.

L. Dougall.

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LONDON LETTER.

English Periodical Literature: The New Developments.

In spite of the dulness in trade, new papers and magazines continue to be published with bewildering activity. While the total volume of sales in the book trade is not perceptibly increasing, there can be no doubt that the diffusion of serials becomes wider every year. Nor is there any clear prospect of a limit being reached. A close examination of the new journals shows that they fall, broadly speaking, into three classes.

The first of these was originated by, and is still headed by, Sir George Newnes's paper *Tit-Bits*. For years people refused to recognise any talent in the editing of *Tit-Bits;* it was the kind of thing, they declared indignantly, that any one could do. And they believed it, for innumerable rivals came out, beginning with *Rare Bits*, which published its first number just a week after the beginning of *Tit-Bits*. For years the rivalry continued; but looking round to-day, we find only two papers surviving in anything like strength. I know in some instances very large sums were spent in the endeavour, and in one case, at least, some of the ablest men of letters in London combined, but all to no purpose. The survivors from the wreck are *Answers* and *Pearson's Weekly*. Both owe their success mainly to prize schemes of a kind now forbidden under the Lottery Act. Unless they had merit of a kind, these would not keep them alive; but they do not bear any kind of comparison with *Tit-Bits*, which is most carefully put together, avoids all slang and sensationalism, and is in its way a really useful, entertaining, and inoffensive periodical. Sir George Newnes, who has made an immense fortune and received a baronetcy, still takes an active part in the management, and prepares every week one of the best features—a page of Answers to Correspondents. The circulation of the three papers amounts to more than a million a week; *Tit-Bits* varies from 500,000 to 600,000, and *Pearson's* and *Answers* combined somewhat exceed this number. From the offices of these papers many publications appear as offshoots. Thus *Answers* publishes three papers specially designed for women—*Forget-me-not*, *Home*, *Sweet Home*, and *Home Chat*. *Pearson's Weekly* issues a little journal entitled *Home Notes*, which has been very successful, selling about 130,000 copies every week. Two rivals, close imitators, are now in the field. The shape, which has been a factor in the success of these periodicals, was hit upon accidentally by Mr. Pearson. He had intended to have a paper with a page double the size. The dummy copy was brought in folded in two, and he thought it so convenient that he adopted it with results entirely satisfactory to himself. What those papers chiefly dread is rivals, and they make provision against this to some extent, by rivalling themselves. Thus, if a popular paper is started, it is sure to have imitators, and it is considered that the safest and cheapest way is for the proprietor to produce an imitation. In the course of time he can gradually put this to death.

The next class of serials also takes rise in great measure from the inventive genius of Sir George Newnes. The *Strand Magazine*, which he published after his breach with Mr. Stead, has been a triumphant success, the greatest perhaps ever known in English magazinism, the circulation being about 300,000 copies a month. The great principle of the magazine is the avoidance of padding. According to the old theory, it was enough to have a good short story and two good serials; a magazine could then be filled up with poetry, travel papers, and essays. The *Strand* has no poetry, next to no travel, no serial stories. Every number is complete in itself, and there is no special effort to get big names, but all is made readable. There is a picture on every page, and there are 120 pages for sixpence. The later magazines have all followed, more or less, in the wake of the *Strand*, and in several instances at least with very great success. The disappointing thing is that the older magazines are most seriously affected by the competition. I could give names of half a dozen which are steadily declining, and which are even now conducted

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at a certain loss. After all, there are still some who take an interest in other things than pictures and stories, and the danger is that they may wake up some morning to find out that nobody cares to cater for them.

The last class I shall mention is the sixpenny illustrated weeklies. For long the *Illustrated News* held the field practically alone. It bought up its cleverest rival, the *Illustrated Times*, and ultimately killed it. Then, to every one's surprise, the *Graphic* was started, and sprang at once into an equal sale without affecting the circulation of the *News*. A successful illustrated paper even now is a great property, and it is not surprising that other attempts were made in the same direction. The *Pictorial World* was started, and had a most varied and expensive career. Ultimately it came to grief, and its failure discouraged ambitious speculators. At last, however, a company was formed to publish an illustrated journal, the pictures in which should be of the highest class, and *Black and White* was the result. From the beginning it was well printed, but had failure stamped upon it. The indefinable editorial capacity, the power to select and arrange was entirely wanting. A large sum has been spent upon it—something between £60,000 and £100,000—and a very small profit was reported last year There has been a change of editorship lately, and it may revive, but up till now it has made no impression on the general public. Undaunted by its failure, the very clever and energetic editor of the *Illustrated London News* commenced the *Sketch*. Mr. Shorter is, admittedly, one of the ablest of London editors, and this venture, appealing as it did to people who simply wish to be amused, had a great and immediate success. It has existed only about two years, and the profits are said to be £15,000 a year. Certain features have been much criticised, but it must be admitted that the paper has published a great deal of excellent literary matter from many of the foremost writers of the day. A serious and determined effort is being made to rival the *Sketch* by a paper called *St. Paul's*, the illustrations in which are admirably done, though the literary matter in point of freshness and brightness leaves much to be desired. *St. Paul's* is said to be backed by a diamond king. There is probably room for both journals. Mr. Shorter has recently brought out another sixpenny weekly, the *Album*, and Mr. Williamson, late of *Black and White*, is as I write about to publish another, the *Hour*. There are also many rumours in the air, but I am inclined to think that the limit has been reached in the meantime, and that the best chance in illustrated journalism is to start a daily paper as a rival to the *Daily Graphic*, which has a large circulation, and might easily be improved upon.

What is the prospect? you may ask. Are we in England to be reduced to papers like *Tit-Bits*, the *Sketch*, and the *Strand Magazine*, and must our older and more serious periodicals gradually become extinct? The prospect is not in every way bright, but two things may be said. In the first place, I think it is likely that there may be a gradual improvement in penny papers of the *Tit-Bits* type. It will indeed be a great calamity if these are allowed to deteriorate. Of this I think there are some signs, though not among Sir George's publications. I do not see why they should not be gradually raised to the level, say, of *Chambers's Journal*. There will never, I fear, be much circulation for heavy magazines. The library system provides these for those who want them. But most people find enough solid matter in the daily newspapers, and the increasing tension of life in large centres like London makes even the intellectual class impatient of anything difficult. A distinguished writer staying with me lately delivered a long and earnest homily on the frivolity of the age, as illustrated in its preference for certain periodicals. At bed-time he asked for something to take to his room, and I put before him half a dozen of our best magazines and the *Strand*. He chose the *Strand*. This is quite typical, but there is plenty of room for many at least of the older papers, if only they will consent to move with the times. What is killing some of them is not their solidity, but the want of enterprise with which they are edited. I had occasion recently to look over a set of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which was in its early days under the charge of Charles Dickens. Dickens wrote little, but he filled his magazine with bright articles, and the first twenty volumes make really entertaining reading. Then gradually the *Miscellany* de-

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scended into almost incredible depths of dulness, and it ultimately disappeared. If it had been throughout edited as carefully as it was edited by Dickens, it would have been living to-day. While this is true, it must be confessed that the pecuniary rewards of journalism are likely to go much more to those who provide for the masses than to the caterers for the intelligent minority.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, March 23d, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

The annual dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres was held two days ago at Marguéry's restaurant, the guest of honour being M. Henry Houssaye, the president-elect for the coming year, who sat between the present president, M. Aurélien Scholl, and M. Emile Zola, his predecessor. The Société evidently likes, from year to year, to vary its presidents as much as possible, for where in the wide world could three so different *littérateurs* be found as the three gentlemen who sat at the head of the table at the banquet in question, Zola, Scholl, and Houssaye—the presidents past, present, and about to be? Houssaye, who is the eldest son of Arsène Houssaye, is an admirable Greek scholar. At the age of nineteen he published his first book, the *Histoire d'Apelles*, a study of Greek art, which attracted some attention at the time and went into three editions in two years. M. Houssaye then went to Greece and spent some months there, and after the war, during which he distinguished himself as officer in the *Garde Mobile*, he published a *History of Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic*, from the death of Pericles to the Thirty Tyrants. . . . This work received the triennial prize founded by M. Thiers, and went into several editions. Since then M. Houssaye has published several other works on Greek History and Art, notably a *Mémoire sur le Nombre des Citoyens d'Athènes au Ve Siècle* and a *La Loi Agraire à Sparte*. He is equally well known as an art critic, and under the pseudonym of George Werner has contributed to the principal art journals in Paris.

It is perhaps rather late to speak of the banquet given in honour of Edmond de Goncourt on March 1st, but one does not like to omit all reference to it. The dinner was an abominable one, a very dish of herbs, but the company was most pleasant and the evening passed in an altogether agreeable manner. I never saw Zola look more radiant. Those who have described this great-hearted man of letters as an envious man, jealous of the triumphs of others, have cruelly libelled him. His voice trembled with emotion when in his speech he reminded de Goncourt of their thirty years' friendship, and I do not think that anybody applauded louder than Emile Zola when M. Poincaré produced the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour, and wished to pin it on to de Goncourt's breast. Dear old de Goncourt looked very happy; the first time that I have seen him look so, and I think that, next to the sight of a happy child, there is nothing comelier in the world than a very happy, very old man. M. Poincaré, the Minister of Public Instruction, made a number of friends that night. He is an exceedingly amiable young man and knows how to manage literary people. I saw various young writers introduced to him in the course of the evening, and he seemed to know what each of them had written, and had a pleasant word to say to each on his work. . . . It was a striking example of how very much better it is in this world to be able to speak than to write, from the point of view of rewards to be obtained, when one looked at this young man of thirty-four by the side of the man of seventy-five—Edmond de Goncourt—the young man praising with eagerly listened-to words of praise the old man, and finally presenting him, in the name of the French Government, of which he himself was a member, with a highly coveted distinction. It is true that M. Poincaré's modesty was such that this little scene passed off without suggesting any unpleasant reflections on the comparative values of politics and literature as

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careers to be followed, and the implication was that literature has nothing to envy from politics, which we all knew, although some of us thought that politics was less of a stepmother than the career we were following. I saw Poincaré again on the following Sunday night at the delightful soirée given by Monsieur Charpentier, the publisher, and again admired his tact and *savoir-faire*. I spoke to Poincaré about that Canadian scheme for impoverishing us, and he said it was *honteux*, but his eye twinkled, and I thought that secretly he was exulting, as a Frenchman, at this little revolt on the part of the Canadians. The French begrudge Canada to England more than anything else, and no true Frenchman but is pleased to hear of English worries in Canada. It is some compensation for the Treaty of Paris of 1763. I would have talked at greater length on the subject with His Excellency, but just then Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice raised itself above the hubbub, and we had to be silent while she recited from an illuminated parchment some Gothic verses by Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac on the guest of the evening. The Count was there and looked amazingly like his portrait by Whistler in the last Salon.

It was at Charpentier's that I met George Hugo again, a young man with a beard. The last time I had seen him was when he was twelve years old and wore knickerbockers and a short jacket. That was at Victor Hugo's house. I remember the occasion well. That night I had dined with the master, and there was some celebrity present, a Russian, I think, who loved to hear himself talk and did talk incessantly. Victor Hugo liked to do all the talking himself at his table, and I shall not forget the tone with which during a lull in the conversation (the Russian was drinking a glass of wine, I fancy), he was heard to exclaim from his place, "On a oublié de me passer les biscuits." It was like Louis XIV. complaining that he had nearly been made to wait. After dinner little Jeanne and George came in, and we witnessed the delights of being a grandfather. Now Jeanne is a comely matron with a little boy, and has been married and separated from her husband, and George has a beard and is the father of children; and so the world goes.

Alphonse Daudet caused me a very unhappy afternoon some days ago. I had just been to see Detaille's portrait of the Prince of Wales and was returning home blithely, when I heard myself hailed and saw Daudet in a cab. He asked me to get in and told me that he was driving about for his pleasure and that I must come with him. We went to Ledoyen's and had a bottle of champagne to drink confusion to sundry, and while there Daudet told me that Coppée was *à la mort*. He added that he had taken cold on leaving his house the previous Thursday and was despaired of. We both moaned and mourned, and all the while it was our dear Daudet's Provençal imagination which had exaggerated into a fatal malady what was only a bad cold in the head. Still, as poor Coppée has only one of two necessary lungs any chest trouble must fill his friends with anxiety. And we cannot spare Coppée, however easily we might spare certain of his verses. He is a beautiful man and very dear brother to us all.

For the first time for I do not know how many months I passed down the *grands boulevards* yesterday, and being there went into the office of *La Nouvelle Revue* to wish Madame Adam the compliments of the season and to hear about her Memoirs. I found a number of young bucks in the outer office, some correcting proofs, others smoking cigarettes, and one was writing poetry on the back of an arm-chair. Madame Adam was in an inner room and received me as usual, as though I had been a prodigal son. She is the most motherly of women is Madame Adam, and the youths who write for her call her "ma mère." She calls them "mes moutards." She told me that as to the English rights of her memoirs she intends to sell them to an American publisher, who will arrange for the publication in England also. She wouldn't tell me the publisher's name, but she said that he was somebody connected with the *North American Review*. The first volume—there are to be eight—will deal with her childhood, the second with her literary *débuts*, the third, which has already been published, is about the Commune, and the fourth is about her first coquettings with politics. I did not hear what the other volumes were to be about, for at that moment one of Madame Adam's

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grand-daughters came into the office, and with her appeared Léon Daudet, and the conversation changed. But she asked me to come again, and very possibly I may do so, some time before the end of the century.

Léon Daudet told me yesterday that his father has decided to accept the Reform Club banquet in London. George Hugo is coming to London with the party, and so is Léon Daudet, who will represent his father on occasions where Alphonse Daudet cannot appear. Alphonse Daudet has asked me to come with him as his guest, but I told him that he would probably get sick of me in twenty-four hours, and there the matter rests at present. Madame Daudet, Lucien and Edmée Daudet will come too, and possibly M. de Goncourt. This will be at the beginning of May.

Maurice Barrés has given up the editorship of *La Cocarde*. I was sure that he would never be able to stick to journalism—and such journalism. He is a man altogether too refined for that sort of thing. I once asked him how he could stand the smell of a newspaper office and the noise, and the sight of the sort of people who collect round the printing-machines. He said, "I only go there with my carriage at the door." Journalism is very pleasant when one has a carriage at the door and swift horses in it. But even under such circumstances Barrés, as I was sure, has been unable to persist in it.

Victor Hugo was definitely interred in the Panthéon to-day. George Hugo would have nobody there but the members of the family and Paul Meurice, and so I cannot describe the lugubrious ceremony of the transfer from the provisional coffin to the sarcophagus of the bones of the poet. To-night's evening papers have reports of the thing, but these need not be quoted.

Huysmans's last book seems the best thing that he has yet done. *En Route* continues the story of Dortal; the priest of *la messe noire* of whom we heard in *Là-Bas* gives us his reformation and his peregrinations *en route* for salvation. We have a picture of life in La Trappe, but what is most excellent in this book is the description of various Parisian churches—that is to say, of worship in these churches. The style is most captivating. It takes you by the throat from the very first page, and holds you till the book is finished, whether you like the story, such as it is, or not. Huysmans is a great master and a perfect artist, and we can take off our hats as he passes by.

Richepin is at work on a new novel which is very nearly finished. I met him *dans le monde* some nights back, and here too I found a very genial man. I had known him bitter, battlesome, and aggressive. And now he is mild and considerate and friendly. A wave of pardon and tolerance seems to have swept over the world of French writers, and charity and love reign in the stead of enmity. It is very pretty that this should be so. Let us hope to see it in England also, but I fear that we shall wait long for that consummation.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NEW BOOKS.

DEGENERATION.*

At last Herr Max Nordau's celebrated indictment against the human race in the latter part of the nineteenth century, after alarming (or amusing) the world in German and French, makes its appearance (very well translated by the way), in English. We deserved the attention; for we supply a by no means inconsiderable part of the material. Herr Nordau, with a refreshing patriotism which will not cause more than a silent chuckle in well-bred breasts, is indeed convinced that English Romantic literature is only a descendant of German, and even a descendant in the second generation, French, it seems, having preceded it. So that the wicked literary historians who represent Scott and Coleridge as dying about the time when the French Romantic movement

* Degeneration. By Max Nordau. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

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had just begun, and Shelley, Keats, and Byron as dying well before that date, must evidently have practised the most outrageous imposture. We further learn (with similar effect on our economy), that German lyric poetry has been, *uninterruptedly* since Goethe, the first in the world. But if English began late, and never did very much, it had the decency to degenerate early, and it has supplied Herr Nordau with material not quite so ample indeed as that provided by French, but much ampler than that given by German.

The book is a very amusing one; somehow or other books of lamentation and mourning and woe of this kind generally are, and the present reviewer has seldom felt greater regret at the cruel limits of space than while dealing with it. It has about six hundred pages of about five hundred words each; your indictment, it is well known, has a tendency to the verbose. And as Herr Nordau, with the conscientiousness of his countrymen, is not contented without a more or less elaborate analysis of each author who is had up for judgment, the total number of dicta which it would be interesting to discuss, or even to cite, is very large indeed. One might take Herr Nordau from so many different points of view. How interesting, for instance, to make a little sermon or treatise on his engaging definition of the healthy as opposed to the "degenerate" attitude of man to woman. The healthy attitude, it seems, is one of "desire toward her for the time being, and indifference when the state of desire is not present"—a gracious ideal of health. One might construct a sort of map of the scholarship of a person whose Hellenism admits such a word as *chimiotaxia*, whose Latinism denies the existence of "decadence" in the Latin of the fourth and later centuries, and whose knowledge of his own literature (though Herr Nordau must be aware of, and indeed elsewhere quotes, a certain poem by a certain Wolfgang von Goethe, beginning *Ueber allen Gipfeln*) allows him to think that *pacem summa tenent* is a craze peculiar to Gautier and his followers.

But one must refuse these tempting paths and perhaps, in a couple of columns for English readers, it may be as well to confine ourselves mainly to the English side. There is much else. Any one who is not tired of Ibsen will find nearly forty thousand words on that master, at whom Herr Nordau alternately shivers with admiration and gesticulates with wrath. M. Zola comes in for it near the end of the book; and Count Tolstoi near the beginning. But our own "degenerates" have no reason to complain, and we may even say that some of them have reason to be not a little obliged to Herr Nordau. He begins with Rossetti, *velut ab Iove*, and we are bound to say that this is a little unfortunate, not for Rossetti, but for Herr Nordau. At the outset (for the eighty pages or so which have gone before are nothing in such a book) of a volume of literary criticism one would like to have some earnest or hansel to assure us of the critic's taste and knowledge. Now Rossetti is, beyond all question, a poet about whom there may be considerable differences of opinion. But we think it not rash to say that any one who does not recognise poetry, and poetry of the highest, in the well-known line of the "Blessed Damozel,"

"To one, it is ten years of years,"

—who does not see in it the perfect, simple, natural, unadorned, "inevitable" expression of passionate memory —really need not trouble himself to give any further opinions on poetical matters. Now to Herr Nordau this line "means absolutely nothing," though with German faith he nobly suggests that "there may exist a higher unity to which the single year may stand as one day does to a year." "The words 'years of years' therefore would signify 365 years." "But," he adds severely, "Rossetti is far from expressing the thought as intelligibly as this." On this passage, it will generally be admitted, Herr Nordau has impressed his own image and superscription so unmistakably that it is unnecessary to seek for them any further. But let us add that if he seems to take Rossetti not quite seriously enough, he repairs this fault by taking the excellent M. Joséphin Peladan and the no less excellent Mr. Oscar Wilde, though with some sadness, yet at their fullest value. The "Sar" is to Herr Nordau, though sadly degenerate, a person of "rich and beautiful cerebral activity," some of his pages are "among the most splendid productions of a contemporary pen," his characters are "thoroughly aristo-

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cratic souls;" his "gifts are extraordinary." After this the reader who has yawned over Nebo, and wearily chuckled at Paula, will quite forgive Herr Nordau for calling Rossetti an "imbecile." It is the old case of the knight who swore by his honour and was not forsworn.

The book, of course, is not so bad as its worst parts. In some of the chapters, especially those on Wagner (we are not speaking from the musical point of view), and still more those on Nietzsche, there is distinct merit. In a dim sort of way, too, Herr Nordau has got hold of the fact, undeniable if not extremely novel or important, that when schools of art and thought, either at ends, or beginnings, or middles of centuries, have lost their first freshness and their most original exponents, they are apt to degenerate into caricatures of themselves, to try to make up for the lack of strength by the presence of violence, and so forth. But his lack of really critical power of discriminating good and bad, and the essentially Teutonic doggedness with which, having got the idea of degeneracy from his "honoured master," Signor Lombroso, he hunts it through bush and through briar, have made too much of his book a silly and tedious exaggeration, not at all ill exemplifying the very weaknesses he discusses.

Indeed, we fear that by his own showing Herr Nordau is an undoubted "degenerate." In one of his latest pages he speaks of "critics who have tried to intimidate him into speechlessness." Now the mania for suspecting critical conspiracies is as well known, as well marked, as megalomania, graphomania, erotomania, and all the rest of them. There is no help for it, we fear. *Et in degeneratione Dominus Nordau!*

George Saintsbury.

A HISTORY OF THE NOVEL.*

Professor Warren's book commences with a delicious *non sequitur*, which is hereby commended to the attention of logicians who are making a collection of awful examples:

"The difficulty in gaining a hearing for a treatise on the novel is apparent at the very start."

Why so? the reader innocently asks.

"It is a branch of literature which has become the most popular in depth and breadth, including all classes of writers and readers."

This seems to mean that because every one is intensely interested in fiction, no one is willing to read anything that relates to fiction! These two sentences are, in a way, characteristic of Professor Warren's whole discussion of his subject. He has evidently done a very large amount of reading; he has got together a great mass of information (much of it, apparently, at second hand), and he recognises the interest and value of his theme; but unfortunately the reading has not been systematic, the information has not been properly digested and arranged, and no clearly defined method of treatment has been carefully thought out as a preliminary to the composition of the book.

It is not easy to conceive of a more fruitful or a more timely subject than the early history of the novel, in these days when comparative literature is taking its place in every well-balanced scheme of liberal study; nor is there any field which, for the English-speaking world at least, is at once so fallow for the well-equipped investigator and so absolutely unoccupied. Professor Warren had an opportunity such as rarely falls to the literary student in modern times, when specialists have ransacked every nook and corner in search of a new subject for original investigation. Since Dunlop's now antiquated treatise, nothing of any account has been written in our language on the history of the novel, nor have the French and German writers dealt with its development in a broad way, preferring, as a rule, to put forth monographs that relate to special points or periods rather than definitive and comprehensive works. The opportunity was, therefore, a rare one, and candour compels the judgment that the opportunity has, so far as concerns Professor Warren, been absolutely thrown away.

Not to burden this review with any but the weightiest matters of the law, the fatal defects of the present volume are two: first, a lack of perspective and relativity, which would enable the author to grasp the vitally important fea-

* A History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century. By F. M. Warren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.75.

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tures of his theme by bringing them into strong relief; and, second (this being largely the result of the first), an indefinable uncertainty of purpose, which leaves him to flounder about in a mass of irrelevant details; a fault which leaves upon the reader's mind only an impression of hazy nescience.

Of the first defect, perhaps as good an instance as any is seen in his treatment of the Græco-Roman novel. Of this there were three distinct types—the novel of adventure, the pastoral romance, and the novel of character. The first is by far the least important, being in reality less a novel than a collection of short episodes strung together on the slenderest thread of plot. It was in reality only the Herodotean short story slightly developed and elaborated at the expense of its freshness and point. This form of ancient fiction Professor Warren mistakes for the crowning achievement of the prose romance, devoting to it twenty-three pages out of the scant thirty-five bestowed upon the novels of the Greeks. In these pages he drags us once more through the alleged plots of such dreary dullards as Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, and Chariton, who feebly copy one another, and who have not between them ideas enough to stock a modern magazine article, and of the first of whom Professor Warren takes a sapient leave with the exquisitely serious remark that "Heliodorus is by no means perfect as a writer!"

The treatment of *Daphnis and Chloë*, as a type of the pastoral romance, is somewhat more satisfactory, and a gleam of real critical appreciation lightens his pages as he describes it; yet two very important omissions strike one even here. There is no recognition of the exquisite art by which certain manifestations of nature in the external world are made to blend in the description with the development of the story, and to afford a sort of symbolistic accompaniment to the evolution of the lovers' passion: the scenes, of spring forming a natural setting for the birth of the new instinct in the two children of nature, the summer heats coinciding with its maturity, and the autumn witnessing its fruition—a very striking proof of the subtle art of the writer. Nor does Professor Warren tell us of the extent to which the theme of this charming pastoral has been echoed in modern fiction. He makes, to be sure, in a perfunctory way, the stock allusion to *Paul and Virginia*; but of Marmontel's *Annette et Lubin*, or Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, or Gessner's *Daphnis* not a single word is said. As to Zola's indebtedness to Longus in writing the episode of Silvère and Miette in the *Fortune des Rougon*—an indebtedness of which the present writer is fully convinced—one must not insist that Professor Warren should acknowledge it; but the coincidences between Zola's work and that of Longus are so striking as to deserve at least a word of mention. How far can a book be regarded as a history of the novel, which fails to give each great creation its proper place, not only in its own generation, but in its relations to the whole evolution of fiction-writing?

Far worse than all that has yet been cited, utterly inexplicable in fact, is the omission from the survey of the ancient novel of all mention of the novel of character, more important than all the other forms of fiction, because more enduring and more far-reaching in its influence. Will it be believed that Professor Warren says not a word of the unique letters of Alciphron—letters that sketch with photographic accuracy the life and thought of the latter Greeks? The whole Bohemia of Athens is drawn for us in this delightful production—the artists, the authors, the smug *bourgeois*, the man about town, the *demi-monde*—so that Alciphron stands to us as the Henri Murger of antiquity, and yet Professor Warren knows him not! And Petronius, whose *Satiricon* is the one novel of Græco-Roman times that is really great, with its keen insight into character, its pitiless realism, its frankness that is the frankness of De Maupassant and Mendès, and its humour that is the humour of Daudet—of Petronius also not a single word! The bare statement of the fact makes further criticism feeble and superfluous.

The other defect that has been mentioned—the haziness and the lack of definite plan—can scarcely be illustrated by isolated citations, since it pervades the whole and is involved in the general treatment. Suffice it to say that he who, having no previous knowledge of the history of the novel, reads or attempts to read this book, will find his ignorance more dense than ever; while the expert who peruses it will be re-

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duced to a sort of intellectual coma in endeavouring to discover what on earth the author is attempting to demonstrate. Both varieties of readers will put it down with a genuine wonder that any one should be able to take so fascinating a subject and out of it produce so dull a book.

It may be added that the bibliographic notes forming a sort of appendix to the volume are as chaotic as the text. Many dates or places of publication are omitted; and the author is evidently more at home with the German than with the French authorities, though in this field of criticism the French have done far better work. Some of the German names, even, are misspelled, and a suggestion of *Nachbeterei* pervades the entire volume.

H. T. Peck.

THE TALE OF CHLOË.*

Possibly Mr. Meredith would long ere this have contrived to republish "A Tale of Chloë" had he thought very highly of its two companions that help to swell it into a volume. The first story is a gem, as perfect in its kind as anything he has written. To read it is to feel at once aggrieved that it was not ours long ago, and delighted that it has been kept back for our present enjoyment. It is not easy to be grateful for the two others. "The House on the Beach" is dull and improbable. "The Case of General Ople" is rather funny, but it is a hobbledehoy farce. Both are extreme instances of Mr. Meredith's habit, in which only Carlyle surpassed him, of riding a joke to death. Tinman's wine that undermined the health of his guests is a worn-out joke on its first appearance, but it is served up again and again and again, till the harmfulness of the wretched vintage actually tells on us who never once sat at the rascal's table. So with Lady Camper's lessons to General Ople on the English language. Only grace prevents us adopting with vehement affection every one of the General's vulgarisms. The extreme improbability of the same lady's marvellous powers of draughtmanship is a minor sin. But the improbability in the second story is vital. A girl of intelligence and refinement will be ready to marry many kinds of villains, but not a villain who is at once a patent fool and a pettifogger in rascality. It is pleasanter to talk of Chloë.

The first story begins in a tone of gentle satire, with quaint reflections on amorous dukes in general, and a particular description, from his own lips, of the early matrimonial delights of the elderly duke who married the milkmaid, and who, loving her to distraction, has been persuaded to expose her to the perils of the Wells that she may have the amusement she craves and the experience she lacks. "A term approaches when the enthusiasm for serving as your wife's playfellow all day, running round tables and flying along corridors, before a knotted handkerchief, is mightily relaxed. Yet the dread of a separation from her has kept me at these pastimes for a considerable period beyond my relish of them. Not that I acknowledge fatigue. I have, it seems, a taste for reflection; I am now much disposed to read and meditate, which cannot be done without repose. I settle myself, and I receive a worsted ball in my face, and I am expected to return it. I comply; and then you would say a nursery in arms." The story never loses the tone of high-bred comedy save when it takes you behind the scenes with Chloë, Chloë who had given fortune and family and all for love, and missed it. She is one of Mr. Meredith's chosen ladies, very loving, much-enduring, smiling for all her wounds, gentle, decorous, distinguished. The advent of the milkmaid duchess is almost simultaneous with the return of her faithless lover, and hope for a little while mates with the love still warm in her breast. But with the acuteness of sincerity she soon sees she is being duped, and that the death of her own hope is not the only calamity in sight. The duchess, in all the selfishness of her youth and her newly-found excitement, is blind to danger, will give up her duke and ruin herself recklessly. So Chloë chooses death in such a form that a ghastly sight may meet the eyes of the headstrong young woman at the moment when she proposes to make her rash elopement. Chloë's plan does not fail. The shock, the stir, the horror,

* The Tale of Chloë, The House on the Beach, The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. By George Meredith. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd. $1.50.

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bring the duchess to her senses. She goes back willingly to her Duke, sick of love.

In some cases where Mr. Meredith has accepted a suggestion from history or tradition—and we take for granted this is one of them—facts have proved stubborn things to deal with. That a sad and desperate lady died as he says Chloë died, we accept as a fact. But that Chloë, the gentle and the decorous, chose the particularly ghastly end is not easy to be convinced of. We slur the point as much as possible, and, indeed, it is but a minor affair compared with the insuperable difficulty that fact thrust in his way in *Diana of the Crossways*.

It was not very difficult, perhaps, to make a humorous personage out of Beau Beamish, the autocrat of fashion at the Wells, but he is managed very delightfully, and his story of how he met his own skeleton one night after a wine supper, and how he was not discomforted at the sight, is charming. "I protest that by such a display of supreme good-breeding he managed to convey the highest compliment ever received by man, namely, the assurance that after the withering away of this mortal garb, I shall still be noted for urbanity and elegancy."

The milkmaid duchess, too, so healthy, so vain, so selfish, so good-natured and blunt, is a triumph, especially in the scene where she returns, reckless and excited, after losing her money at the tables. "Oh, I'm unhappy, I am." "You must abstain from playing." "It's that! I've lost my money—I forgot. And I shall have to confess it to my duke, though he warned me. Old men hold their fingers up—so! One finger: and you never forget the sight of it, never. It is a round finger, like the handle of a jug, and won't point at you when they're lecturing, and the skin's like an old coat on gaffer's shoulders. . . . I'm a wild girl again, handsomer than when that —— he is a dear, kind, good, old nobleman, with his funny old finger: 'Susan! Susan!' I'm no worse than others. Everybody plays here; everybody superior."

The whole story delights and stimulates, but the best it does is to give us Chloë, the gentle, the generous, the trusting, and the far-seeing, for a friend.

A. M.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF G. A. SALA.*

Personal memoirs often leave their reader in a mood of melancholy. The best of their kind are but shadows, and the worst are a great deal worse, bombastic or fatuous phantoms, the warped reflections of a distorting mirror. When we think of poor Madame Roland comparing herself with all gravity to Tacitus; of Rousseau, in the fine phrase of Burke, flinging his life, with a wild defiance, in the face of the Creator whom he acknowledges only to brave; of Larevellière-Lépeaux complacently anticipating and surpassing Mirabeau, we find in these instances chosen at random shot from the very kingdom and the very age of memoirs proofs of a lack of proportion, of a perversion of self-esteem which exhilarate or depress, according to his temperament, the student of life. But there are memoirs, though not often in the first rank of their kind, which neither tempt the pessimist to smile nor the optimist to sigh, and of these the *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* is a creditable example. Mr. Sala seems to cherish little self-deception; he holds no very high opinion of himself or of his works, and he is at no particular pains to woo or to win the high opinion of others. If the volumes are Philistine, they are frank in their Philistinism; the autobiographer commands rather than invites Philistia to be glad of him, and there is no reason to doubt that Philistia will do his bidding. The volumes are very diverting reading; the writer exhibits himself with a complacent truculence which solicits no civilities and suggests no personal delusion. Their egotism is, at best and at worst, of a manly quality; Nordau would not be justified in discovering symptoms of degeneration here; the pages brim with a healthy, genial contentment which has nothing in common with the mattoids and ego-maniacs of the disciple of Lombroso. Mr. Sala seems to be quite aware of his failings, and pillories himself without pity; he converts himself here and there with perfect candour and with perfect composure into a very helot for the benefit of others; Casanova was not more cynically explicit about his moral peccadilloes than Mr. Sala is

* The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala, written by himself. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

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about his literary demerits. His magnificent frankness engages, then captivates, and finally disarms.

"What the new journalism may be like I neither know nor care," says Mr. Sala, "but most assuredly it is not the journalism to which I served my apprenticeship, and in which I have been for many years a skilled workman." We have had more than enough of late of such phrases as "the new journalism," "the new criticism," and the like. The phrases are generally misleading and seldom mean much. But if we assume, for the sake of argument, that there is at this moment a new journalism which necessitates an old journalism, then Mr. Sala's two volumes are mines of information as to the manners and the methods of that old journalism, and Mr. Sala himself a characteristic type of the old journalist. How far the journalism was admirable, how far, if it has passed away, its loss is to be regretted, is a problem in literary ethics needless to discuss or even to entertain here and now; but for a study of the subject Mr. Sala's volumes are priceless, indispensable. Memoirs are the salt of history, and Mr. Sala's *Life and Adventures* really make a valuable addition to the books essential to a proper understanding of the Victorian age. Bohemianism endures and will endure through the ages. Murger was right when he carried its record back to the dawn of literature. But Bohemianism changes its phases with every generation, and as the Bohemianism of contemporary Paris is not the Bohemianism of Rodolphe and Schaunard, of Marcel and Colline, so the Bohemia of literary London of to-day is by no means the Bohemia of the days when George Augustus Sala was a struggling, indomitable adventurer, nor even the Bohemia of those later days when Mr. Sala could afford to reply to sneers at his grammar and his style with the retort that he was making two thousand pounds a year. Whoever wishes to understand what London Bohemianism was like in the immediate past will learn a great deal about it in Mr. Sala's volumes, and will find it interesting and entertaining, perhaps even beyond his hopes. It would be unfair of criticism to ask more of Mr. Sala in these reminiscences of his than Mr. Sala can give. His theories and his practice as regards grammar, style, and the purpose of journalism have been familiar to the world for this many a day, and a study of his memoirs will teach the student no new thing in this regard. No one will be surprised or perturbed when they find him saying of the English poets of to-day, that he deliberately places "Edwin Arnold, as a poet, next after Algernon Charles Swinburne; next to him, Alfred Austin; next, Lewis Morris, and next, William Morris." Mr. Sala is not esteemed as a poet or a critic of poets. He had other business to do, and he could make a better income than Matthew Arnold, and, in the words of Mr. Swinburne's David, "Lo, this is all to say."

Curiously enough, the gravest fault one reader has to find with Mr. Sala's memoirs is for an instance of their modesty. Mr. Sala speaks often enough with severity of some of his experiments in the writing of books, but he does not, so far as one reader could find, make any reference to the best book he ever wrote, to the clever, ingenious, interesting experiment in romance, *Captain Dangerous*. In an age that loves the tale of adventure it would assuredly be worth a publisher's pains to reprint it, for it would assuredly give many pleasure in the reading.

Justin Huntly McCarthy.

THE FAR EAST.*

There is a twofold interest about Mr. Norman's book. It is an account of adventurous wanderings, on and off the beaten track, written in a vivid and vigorous manner, with continual invitations and suggestions to lovers of the strange and the picturesque. But it is this almost against Mr. Norman's will and design. He pulls himself up every now and again, lest mere adventure should appropriate space needed for his more serious purpose. We gather that in his note-books there are many unused pages that would be of interest to the non-political reader; and that there is something that would be valued by

* The Peoples and Politics of the Far East: Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. By Henry Norman. With Sixty Illustrations and Four Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00. Society in China. By Robert K. Douglas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.50.

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any one courageously interested in human nature, we infer from the following: "I came upon many curious reminiscences of General Gordon up and down the coast of China. He was a man of remarkable virtues and of no less remarkable weaknesses, and the stories of him which survive in the Far East would make very interesting reading. I do not give them, however, because public opinion seems to have determined that this many-sided man shall be known under one aspect only of his life—that of hero."

But the main intention of the book is political. It is, in fact, a book with a mission. Very outspoken, expressing its opinions in words that cannot be misunderstood, appealing to the Government and to all good patriots, it never takes on a hectoring tone. Its opinions are given as those of a visitor to the Far East, but of a visitor who had peculiar opportunities of obtaining first hand information, and who did not neglect them, of one who went with a mind well trained to the consideration of political and international questions, and who has read and searched in the most contrary directions for additional light since his return. Those who have examined on the spot the questions he discusses, as well as those who have only studied them from scrappy newspaper information, may dissent from a good many of Mr. Norman's conclusions, but they will both own after reading through his book on the Far East that he has been there, and that he took with him quick wits, quick eyes, and a habit of judging for himself.

The portions that will be read with most eagerness are those on China and Japan, and his counsel to England on its attitude now and in the immediate future; though it should be said there are no really detached chapters, those on Siam and Malaya especially, but all the others, too, containing valuable facts that have helped him to his conclusions. To Foreign Office eyes there may be nothing fresh in his view of the importance to be attached to the Russian settlement at Vladivostok, within a very measurable number of years to be joined to the home capital by the Trans-Siberian Railway. But we feel sure the average Englishman's eyes will be turned in a new direction by Mr. Norman's emphasis of the facts concerning the Russian stakes in the Far East. And this moment, when the fate of China in the war with her neighbour has upset a great many expectations, is a very suitable moment for bidding stay-at-home folks look at the new conditions that have arisen since last they made up their minds about the geography and the politics of Eastern Asia.

Mr. Norman's views about China are those of Professor Douglas—whose interesting book, *Society in China*, we are glad to see in a new popular edition—that the Chinese "empire is pre-eminently one of make-believe." Only Mr. Norman states his conviction much more emphatically and with far greater detail. He sums up his indictment thus: "The truth is that, like almost everything else in China, her offensive and defensive power is a sham. The offspring of corruption and bombast is inefficiency." He quotes from another authority, "The whole present system of China is a hollow thing, with a hard, brittle surface; we try in vain to scratch it, but some day a happy blow will shiver it."

He fears over-zeal, over-ambition in Japan, and in his last chapters he has taken account of the reports of Japanese barbarity in the war. But in her gallantry, energy, open-mindedness, and intellectual capacities he has full trust; and he insists that Europe has been too dilatory in their recognition. "In all the country north of the southern frontier of China there are virtually only three great interests; those of Great Britain, Russia, and Japan." He sees no serious difficulty in combining the interests of the three. Let Japan have the virtual suzerainty of Korea, an indemnity from China, the cession of Formosa, the Chinese navy—he suggests blithely. Let Russia have a winter port at the terminus of her railway, and such other concessions as would free her from the fear of China along three thousand miles of weak frontier. And as for Great Britain, well, we should insist on the markets of China being thrown open to the whole world, and that the government in India be given a free hand in Thibet. We also want a convenient northern naval base, and a good deal else. It is a boldly-planned programme; but it is sometimes wise to ask much when you are sure of getting anything at all except

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scorn. Mr. Norman thinks right and might are on our side. His indictment of France as a colonising power in the present day is striking and melancholy, while of the costliness of its experiments, at least, he has given evident proof.

This is hardly the place to discuss political questions. But one may be allowed to say that while Mr. Norman's bias for English methods is so strong as to rouse protests and doubts many a time, the facts he has collected, rather than selected, go far to account for the strength of that bias. And he writes with passionate conviction. His is not the tone of the Jingo singing of prestige and empire and contempt for other nations. Britain's is the most business-like concern out there, he thinks; therefore let it predominate. He bases its claims on practical qualities and deeds recently accomplished, not at all on divine right. Mr. Norman's is not a book of sentiment, so we need not look to see in it any pity for the great unwieldy nation going to pieces before the inroads of a civilisation it despises and hates, courting ruin rather than submission to the new ways that its more adaptable neighbour has made with such success. And it is perhaps not in his book we should look for any discussion of the question of the education of the members of the Eastern ruling classes, which the more energetic countries, or English influences in them, seem to have decided should be mainly English, a decision which must have many strange, and not all advantageous consequences. But these are minor matters crowded out by the large questions of immediate importance considered in Mr. Norman's brilliant book—a book which will stimulate to thought, inquiry, travel, and much revision of opinion.

Annie Macdonell.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.*

If Mr. Balfour's volume is the result of his enforced absence from the helm of the State, it is a strong argument for the continuance of the Liberal Government. For it may reasonably be questioned whether any benefits which even a Prime Minister can confer on his country are commensurate with the good which may be accomplished by such a volume as this. As a mere intellectual treat we have had nothing equal to it for many years. It brings a mind trained and disciplined by philosophical thought into contact with the foundations on which scientific, ethical, and theological investigations are in our own time being built. It clears the air of the mist which prevents us from seeing one another and from distinguishing friend from foe. With comprehensive knowledge and mastery of all that has produced the present situation, with patience, skill, good temper, firmness, and a great deal of humour, he disentangles us from the meshes into which the current of modern thought has swept us, and sets us free again. As yet it might seem extravagant to compare Mr. Balfour's "Notes" with Butler's *Analogy*, but certainly the aim and character of the two books invite comparison, and there are many who have read the older master with dissatisfaction who will find in the teacher of to-day the conviction and help they seek.

Mr. Balfour writes for the general reader, not for the philosophical or theological specialist. His aim is to show how "we may best draw together our beliefs into a comprehensive unity which shall possess at least a relative and provisional stability." In order to accomplish his purpose he first of all examines the pretensions of Naturalism, by which he understands Agnosticism, Positivism, and Empiricism. Following in some measure the argument pressed by the late Mr. Herbert in his *Modern Realism*, and using the weapons which have indeed been available ever since the difficulties of belief in an external world were presented in the *Theætetus*, he exposes the groundlessness of the pretensions of those "who are disposed to represent Science as a Land of Goshen, bright beneath the unclouded splendours of the midday sun, while Religion lies beyond wrapped in the impenetrable darkness of the Egyptian plague." He shows once again that the naturalistic account of man's origin entirely alters the aspect and the value of morality, and reduces reason to so low a level that we cannot depend upon its deliverances. The antagonism which exists between the naturalistic system and the hopes,

* The Foundations of Belief. Being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

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feelings, beliefs, and judgments which are the best possession of humanity has frequently been pointed out, but never so elaborately and finally as in the early chapters of Mr. Balfour's treatise. The probable results on conduct of such a creed are also eloquently and fairly depicted. A more complete and powerful argument against naturalistic evolution we are not likely ever to meet with. The only question that is at this point left unanswered is, How far do these objections tell against theistic evolution, and especially to what extent and in what manner does the origin of man determine the value of his present qualities and powers? In a word, What is Mr. Balfour's own belief regarding man's origin?

So convincingly does Mr. Balfour exhibit the insufficient basis of scientific knowledge that he fears, not wholly without cause, that he may be looked upon as advocating universal scepticism. The inability of the human mind to find a sure philosophical basis for scientific knowledge and belief, is an inability which accompanies man into every branch of inquiry. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* Our knowledge is ringed round with a horizon beyond which the human vision cannot penetrate. Have we here then a Samson who destroys indeed the uncircumcised in their exultant arrogance, but at the same time destroys himself and his friends? No! Mr. Balfour denies that his argument discredits reason. Nay, he not only admits that human reason has its rights, and can never cease to crave for the elimination of all obscurities in our knowledge and to demand the unification of all beliefs, but his book is written for the express purpose of promoting this unification.

Admitting that on account of the natural limitation of human faculty any unification of knowledge can only be provisional, he seeks to furnish both scientific and theological enquirers with a basis on which they may without hesitation proceed with their researches in their respective departments. Scientific men have been wont to claim for their studies the sole human certitude of knowledge, and to relegate theology to the region of dreamland. Mr. Balfour effectively turns the tables, and while he does not claim an absolutely clear and certain basis for theology any more than for science, he establishes, conclusively most readers will think, that science itself, if not a mere illusion, demands the existence of a rational God. In order to have an intelligible world we must have reason at the source. Theology, to which naturalism denies the right to be called a branch of knowledge at all, is found to be necessarily assumed in order to furnish a basis for the only knowledge which naturalism allows. According to Mr. Balfour's careful reasoning, the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, æsthetic, theological, form a more coherent and intelligible whole if we consider them in a Theistic setting than if we consider them in a Naturalistic one. Nay, with a courage an independence not always given to superior persons and philosophic minds, he claims for the Christian system, with its mysterious doctrine of an Incarnate God, that it forms the widest and surest foundation for the intelligibility of the world and the unification of all human beliefs and knowledge.

The conclusions of this remarkable book will be called in question, its statements will be scrutinised, but those who most seriously study it will be the foremost in proclaiming its force, the mastery of detail and the ease with which large philosophical ideas are handled, and perhaps especially the conduct of the argument, the quick discernment of what is relevant, the temperance in claiming no more than is made out, the reality and seriousness which pervade the whole.

Marcus Dods.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.*

The growth of public interest in municipal affairs is one of the most striking politico-social phenomena of recent times in the United States. It is evinced by the increasing literature on city conditions; by the founding of political parties on local issues; by the increasing attention of the clergy to civic questions; by the organisation of clubs for the study of municipal problems; and by the establishment of lectureships in

* Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Albert Shaw. New York: The Century Company. $2.00

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our schools and colleges upon the origin and development of modern cities.

This growing interest in all that pertains to civic progress is a natural consequence of the increasing importance of our great cities in our national life. It has been still further quickened by the notorious failure of our city governments to give us even tolerable conditions of municipal existence. From all parts of the country come cries of the same sort of distress which may be summed up in two words—corruption and inefficiency. In casting about for remedies, it is not surprising that we should turn our attention to foreign countries, and should seek to find in their experience some help as to methods and processes of betterment.

It is fortunate that at this juncture one so competent as Dr. Shaw should have taken the time and trouble to make a really careful investigation of foreign conditions in a country so similar in many respects to the United States as is Great Britain. The studies of a scholar, of one trained in the schools, would naturally have many advantages over the observations of a so-called practical man. When to the advantage of scholarly training is added the experience of many years in the examination of similar matters, we may naturally expect a more than usually successful result.

This expectation is not disappointed in the book before us. Much of the matter has already appeared in one form or other in the periodicals of the day, and is generally recognised as a serious contribution to the study of this subject. But it has all been carefully revised, much new matter added, and the whole worked over into a new and far more valuable form than before. The introductory chapter on the growth and problems of modern cities contains many acute remarks upon the general questions of municipal growth and policy. The author takes the bold ground that the accumulation of population in great and ever greater centres is not at all an evil thing in itself; on the contrary, it is the very condition of the fullest utilisation of the results of modern civilisation. If modern communities will only take an adequate view of the functions and possibilities of modern municipalities, and adopt a correspondingly comprehensive policy, we shall soon discern that the increasing concentration of our communities is a great advantage. "City life," he says, "must become positively good;" and we may add that he believes it will. Indeed, one of the most pleasing characteristics of the book is a healthy optimism that pervades every part of it.

The chapter on the rise of British towns gives a succinct history of the modern municipal movement in Great Britain down to the present, and paves the way for an excellent presentation of the system of city government as it now exists. The book contains by far the best account which has yet appeared, either in an American or English work, of the details of city administration. The difficult subject of the municipal franchise is made plain, not merely as far as the legal provisions regarding it are concerned, but also as to the exact working of the law in practice—often very different things in England as well as with us. The facts presented here throw great light upon the difference in conditions between Great Britain and the United States, and explain why it is easier in some respects to govern English cities well than American. The electorate in an American city includes practically all male citizens of legal age. The English municipal franchise, nominally not so very different from the American, practically excludes nearly all the unmarried men, all floating labourers and lodging-houses sleepers, and nearly all the serving class! At least one third of the householders and theoretical voters of Glasgow, for example, never appear on the municipal registration list. The author may well say that "it is a significant thing that the whole body of men who are ignorant, vicious, and irresponsible is practically outside the pale of politics in such cities as Glasgow and Edinburgh." Our municipal problem would be a vastly different one if the corresponding classes were excluded from the franchise in our cities.

It is interesting to note that party politics, though they have of late begun to creep into municipal centres, are still, on the whole, of so little moment that in fifty towns in which elections to the city councils were held in November, 1893, there was not a single "campaign," as all the councillors obtained their seats by unopposed nominations. Imagine such a state of things in New York or Philadelphia!

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The chapters on Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow are full of the most interesting information; while that on the social activities of British towns will be a revelation to many Americans as to the broad way in which our English cousins are beginning to conceive the municipal problem. Cities are undertaking the establishment and management of public works for the supply of water, gas, and electric light, schemes for drainage, street cars, harbours, docks, piers, public markets and slaughter-houses, bath-houses, cemeteries, playgrounds for children, tenement-houses for the poor, hospitals, public libraries, technical and trade schools, in a way which would take away the breath of an American community if it were seriously proposed to inaugurate such a policy here.

One of the most interesting portions of the book relates to the attempts to work out a feasible scheme for the government of London. This is of special significance for New York, in view of the approaching consolidations of surrounding territory. The English solution is a sort of federal plan, which has broken down wherever tried in the United States, though it is fair to say that it has never been tried on such a reasonable method as that proposed for London.

The appendix contains a copy of the chief provisions of the English municipal code and of various interesting documents relating to the reform of the government of the city of London, and the whole work is furnished with an excellent index.

The value of the important information contained in the book is much heightened by the fact that it is clothed in a graceful and pleasing style, making the work a literary as well as a scientific product. It ought to do much toward arousing a still deeper interest in our own municipal problems and toward educating public opinion in a right direction.

Edmund J. James.

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.*

Dr. Griffis has made a thorough study and taken full advantage of the work done by Satow, Astor, and Chamberlain in the critical examination of the traditions and classical literature of Japan, and has given to the English-speaking public a work that contains the fruits of the latest and most critical scholarship on the subjects upon which he writes. To all who have puzzled their travel-worn brains over the temples and images and worship and beliefs of the Japanese, we recommend Dr. Griffis's book; it will straighten out many tangles, solve many mysteries, and give to thoughtful readers many clues to the better understanding of the national character.

The beginnings of the history of the Japanese people are lost in a mist of bewildering mythology. Japan as a historic nation cannot boast of greater antiquity than England. No trustworthy traditions exist which carry her history back of the fifth century A.D., and her oldest documents do not antedate the year 712. Buddhism, Confucianism, civilisation, literature, and art came to her by way of Corea between the fifth and sixth centuries, and found on the islands then a brave and warlike race, having a religion, a traditional history, a rude feudal system centred about a divinely descended monarch, and certain customs and ways of thought that formed the mould into which the imported ideas must flow if they were to be accepted by the people to whom they were brought.

The simple fetichism of these stone-age aborigines was swallowed up by the faith of the Tartar conquerors; but it left its impress upon the folk-lore of the new race that sprang from the conquest, and signs are still found in the pure Shintō of the earlier and more primitive worship which it met and overcame.

Shintō to-day in the minds of the Japanese stands for most that is distinctive in the national character. Judged by its ideals, its tendency is "to make people pure and clean in all their personal and household arrangements; it is to help them to live simply, honestly, and with mutual good will; it is to make the Japanese love their country, honour their imperial house, and obey their emperor." Shintō, so far as it goes, has fulfilled its work; it has moulded the national character to its ideal. All religions which come to take

* The Religions of Japan. By Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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its place must come "not to destroy, but to fulfil;" to amplify and broaden, not to develop to any higher degree the growth of the race along the lines laid down in the ancient "way of the gods."

To a nation already shaping itself along these lines, there came in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era two new beliefs, Buddhism and Confucianism. For a thousand years the Buddhist doctrines and the Confucian ethics wrought as one force in the national life. Later, in the seventeenth century, the developed Confucian philosophy became the creed of the majority of the educated men of Japan, Buddhism remaining the religious faith of the women and the common people. Of the change wrought in Confucianism by the Japanese in order to fit it into the mould made ready for it by the Shintō teaching, Dr. Griffis says: "Although the Chinese teacher had made filial piety the basis of his system, the Japanese gradually but surely made loyalty (Kun shin)—that is, the allied relations of sovereign and minister, of lord and retainer, and of master and servant—not only first in order, but the chief of all. They also infused into this term ideas and associations that are foreign to the Chinese mind."

The history of Buddhism in Japan is, perhaps, as difficult to write and understand as will be the history of Christianity in the United States a thousand years from now. It is the history of a religion far from the scene of its birth and the spirit of its founder, divided into fiercely warring sects before ever Buddhist missionary set foot on Japanese soil. It brought to a semi-barbarous people literature and art and the rudiments of science, but it brought as well a religious confusion well-nigh inextricable, polemic theology, priestcraft, hair-splitting, fatalism, sectarianism, and their train of accompanying evils. Finding itself unable to cope successfully with the native religion, Buddhism engulfed the whole theology and teaching of Shintō as a special revelation of the religion of Buddha to the Japanese before Gautama had become the enlightened one. Thus the northern Buddhism of China and Corea became the Riyōbu or mixed Buddhism of Japan, a different form of the faith from any other in Asia. The Shintō gods, renamed, stood in the Buddhist pantheon, and Buddhism, unable to oppose the ancient faith, floated safely into the heart of the Japanese people on Shintō as a life-preserver.

Of the present revival of Buddhism in Japan, Dr. Griffis says: "It is democratic, optimistic, empirical, or practical; it welcomes women and children; it is hospitable to science and every form of truth. It is catholic in spirit, and has little if any of the venom of the old Buddhist controvertists. It is represented by earnest writers who look to natural and spiritual means rather than to external and mechanical methods. As a whole, we may say that Japanese Buddhism is still strong to-day in its grip upon the people."

There are no more interesting chapters in Dr. Griffis's work than the two last, on "Roman Christianity in the Seventeenth Century" and "Two Centuries of Silence." Perhaps no force has done more to mould the Japanese nation into the united whole that it is to-day, than the two centuries of absolute seclusion from the world which followed the overthrow of the Jesuit missions in the seventeenth century. During those two centuries of silence the nation grew in the dark as the seed grows under the ground, until at last it was ready to shoot forth into the marvellous progress that it has made in thirty years. It was a period of rest and of ripening, a period that helped in fitting the nation as surely as the past thirty years have helped in fitting it for the place that it is taking to-day in the world. The surprising exploits of Japan on Chinese territory are not simply the result of her recent contact with Europe; they are the outgrowth of her whole national history. A nation is not born in a day, and Japan is no exception to the rule. What she is to-day she has been patiently learning to be through two thousand years of struggle and growth, at no time arrested, though altered in its direction from time to time by the influences from Asia and Europe that have affected the national life.

Alice M. Bacon.

THE PRINCESS ALINE.*

Morton Carlton had reached that adolescent period of young manhood

* The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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known as the Ptolemaic, when all the fair stars in the firmament of society not only shine for him, but find in his magnetic personality a centre of gravitation to which they are drawn as irresistibly and fatally as the moth to the candle. Carlton was a successful young artist, petted and spoiled to his heart's content by the many beautiful women who sought him to sit before his easel. At twenty-six he had become a portrait-painter of international reputation. Like a young Apollo, he comes on the scene well-groomed and ready to fall in love with the first beautiful woman he meets—a portrait will suit his erotic fancy just as well—but having an artistic soul, beauty in every case is an essential. He is always in love, but he evidently believes that changes are lightsome, and being much of a fool, as we shall see, he likes them. "Lots of women have made me suffer," says this nonchalant youth; but nothing is said of the women *he* had made suffer. Yet we are told "he had a most romantic and old-fashioned ideal of women," and we are let into his secret conviction that "he should have been born in the active days of knights-errant." All this, no doubt, conceived among the spirals of smoke that floated lightly from his Adonis lips and as lightly melted into thin air.

One thing more: he had a conscience, this young man, and this conscience it was which was to blame for his fickleness and inconstancy, for in his scrupulous anxiety to find the "not impossible she" he flitted, butterfly-like, from one fair flower to another, which not unnaturally made him trouble. Of course we shall be told that Mr. Davis intended his mild young Werther to portray just the opposite; but take away the thin veneer of lackadaisical self-consciousness and pretentious modesty, and you find that Carlton Morton as he is presented to us is a humbug. Doubtless there are many who like to be humbugged, and for those who like this sort of thing, as Abraham Lincoln used to say, why, it is the sort of thing they like, and there's an end on't. But that does not prevent us from being veracious where it seems to us veracity is necessary. Morton Carlton is no more of this world than he is of the next. Such guilelessness and mild simplicity are incongruous in his very worldly young person, as they are insipid and distasteful to a wholesome and sane imagination. As for the charm and grace with which Mr. Davis is said, in some quarters, to have invested his pet Carlton, it appeals to us no more than would an artificial flower in a garden of roses. And as for the story, it is "a vain thing," although its least fault is its improbability. We have seen it stated that Mr. Davis has drawn upon an experience of his own in the elusive dance which he leads Carlton across seas and continents after a fair face which he has caught sight of in a photograph. It may be so; but we prefer to think that the author is other than he seems in this story.

Seriously we are sorry to see Mr. Davis write such namby-pamby stuff as *The Princess Aline*, when we know him to be capable of strong original work if only he would follow his own bent and nurse his gifts in solitude for a time, and eschew what artists contemptuously style the "pretty-pretty" in art. Mr. Davis promised when he first began writing to plunge into life with the zest and vitality of the diver who has his eye on the pearls, but he has only skirted the shores of experience so far, and played prettily with the pebbles on the beach. We want him to live deeply and richly, and to write some noble, beautiful thing that will confirm our faith in his latent power, and in a higher origin and destiny for mankind than is shown in *The Princess Aline*.

J. M.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.*

The Philosophy of Mind is the fourth in a series of volumes which Professor Ladd evidently intends shall some day cover the whole field of philosophy. Beginning with a general *Introduction to Philosophy*, followed by the *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, *Psychology*, and the present volume, the series gives promise of later works on the philosophy of ethics, of religion, and general metaphysics. The present volume, therefore, stands midway in an uncompleted system, and shares the difficulties of such a position. It deals neither with a natu-

* The Philosophy of Mind. By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

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ral science nor with ultimate concepts, but applies the principles of a yet unwritten metaphysics to the solution of the problems left by a scientific psychology. In both directions the elements which compose the work are withdrawn from present criticism. The problems have been shaped before they reach us, while many of the concepts used in their solution have yet to receive the author's final discussion. For the purpose of exposition it would have been more satisfactory had the author been able to give us a discussion of his final principles before applying them to the solution of special problems.

In spite of these difficulties, however, a work on this subject, and by Professor Ladd, is sure to be widely read. Not only the psychologist, but the general reader, is interested in such problems as the nature and unity of mind, the relations of mind and body, materialism, spiritualism, monism, and dualism, the origin and permanence of mind, and its place in nature, while to the specialist the chapters on the relation of philosophy to psychology form an interesting supplement to the recent discussions of psychology as a natural science. Moreover, the results of the book are such as are likely to be well received by the majority of general readers. Professor Ladd is not a radical. His philosophy is such as we might expect to find within the fair and stately volumes in which it is presented—volumes which leave nothing to be desired on the part of the publishers.

Beginning with his contention that psychology cannot be studied wholly apart from metaphysical assumptions, the author goes on to discuss the nature of our concept of mind, and then to establish its validity. "The peculiar, the only intelligible and indubitable reality which belongs to mind is its being for itself, by actual functioning of self-consciousness, of recognitive memory, and of thought"—that is, self-consciously active mind is the only being of mind for which it is worth contending. Bare potentiality of consciousness is not distinguishable from matter. If such a conception of mind seems to make it a series of existences broken by unconscious gaps, we must remember that its reality consists only in its identity for itself. Its unity is the unity of development according to some plan. Its reality is a growth toward our more comprehensive consciousness.

It is in these positive discussions of the psychological content of our conceptions that Professor Ladd is at his best. His chapters on the consciousness of identity and the unity of mind are excellent, especially his treatment of the phenomena of double consciousness. The polemical portions of his work are not so satisfactory. There seems an inability to enter into the spirit of opposing views, notably in regard to the theories of Professor James. The greater part of these polemical portions is taken up in a defence of psychological dualism against materialism, spiritualism, and monism. The concept of causality is deduced from consciousness of self-activity, and its application to the relations of mind and body justified. Materialism falls a prey to spiritualism, which in turn is condemned as solipsistic, while monism multiplies entities. There remains dualism as the simplest explanation of all the facts. This, however, is not necessarily ultimate. In a later work the author hopes to show that "the being of the world, of which all particular beings are but parts, must then be so conceived of as that in it can be found the one ground of all interrelated existences and activities." This hope his readers will share with the author, for he has produced a book eminently readable and instructive, though we close it with a feeling of regret that his conclusions seem in some way more satisfactory than his reasoning.

Norman Wilde.

THE GLOBE FROISSART.*

Not very long ago the most accessible English translation of Froissart was the expensive one of Johnes in four formidable quartos. Of late years something has been done to place genial and chivalrous Froissart's chronicle of things English and Scottish, as well as Continental, within the reach of the "general reader," to whom the old-fashioned quarto is repellent. There has been an abridged Froissart in one octavo vol-

* The Chronicles of Froissart. Translated by John Bourchier, Lord Berners. Edited and reduced into one volume by G. C. Macaulay, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

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ume, another of *Passages from Froissart*, and even a *Boy's Froissart*. To these is now acceptably added a volume in the familiar Globe Series, edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, the translator of Herodotus, to whom Froissart has been sometimes fondly compared. Were it only for one reason, this Globe edition is to be preferred to all previous attempts of a similar kind. While preceding editors and popularisers of Froissart have made their abridgments or selections from the translation by Johnes, Mr. Macaulay has wisely used that executed by Lord Berners in the first half of the sixteenth century at the command of Henry VIII. Froissart was "done" into respectable modern English, early in the present century, by Johnes, a very worthy English gentleman and Member of Parliament. But his translation is tame and commonplace compared with that of Lord Berners, who lived when the traditions of chivalry, with its good and its evil, were still in the air, and whose racy and vigorous if often careless version breathes the very spirit of the original, besides being a most interesting sample of "early Tudor" English. Mr. Macaulay's edition has, however, other claims to hearty approval. While modernising Lord Berners' orthography, he has left intact his archaic words and phrases, which are either elucidated in notes or explained in an excellent glossary. He has corrected as far as possible the names of places and persons which, often unrecognisable save with difficulty in Froissart, were made more so by Lord Berners or his printers. Mistakes in the translation are rectified in notes, so that the text is not tampered with. Unlike former abridgers—and for modern readers the exuberant Froissart stands a good deal of abridgment—Mr. Macaulay has given summaries of the incidents recorded in the chapters and passages omitted so as to give the narrative continuity. Among the omissions we observe with regret that of the touching dialogue between Edward III. and his wife, Queen Philippa, on her deathbed. A useful chronological summary of the chief historical events chronicled by Froissart is prefixed with an ample account of Lord Berners' biography and of the bibliography of his writings. What we chiefly miss is a memoir of Froissart himself, especially as Mr. Macaulay has ably sketched Froissart's biography in recent numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*. But when so much has been excellently done, fault-finding seems ungracious and ungrateful.

F. Espinasse.

NOVEL NOTES.

MAJESTY. By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. Texeria de Mattos and Ernest Dowson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Events in the East of Europe, some of them recent, the others not of very ancient history, broken reflections of which are to be found in this novel, will give it an immediate interest which readers may be trusted to discover for themselves. To any untempted by this we would call attention to features it possesses of far more interest than the more or less literal story of an imperial Court. It is not a great novel; it is on the whole a disappointing one; but there is a fine intention running through it, and there are passages of unusual power and some of unusual subtlety. Couperus uses his sensitivist methods a little fitfully here, gives a nervous feeling of expectancy at the beginning which very few writers can produce, and then lets the thrill die out disappointingly. This happens over and over again. He acts on our nerves, of course, to let us realise the highly charged atmosphere in which the story moves. The nation is steeped in poverty, and on the brink of revolt; it is ruled by an autocrat, not made for the new times, and will be ruled one day by a shrinking, refined, sensitive soul, too highly strung, too finely made for rough work. A closely interested looker-on at this state of things, the Empress, for instance, lives with fear ever next her heart, and it must be acknowledged she makes us share it, but too spasmodically; and when, after an attack, nothing terrible has happened

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to account for it, we grow uneasy and unresponsive to the writer's touch. The story itself is told with great dignity. The heroism, the magnificent hypocrisies, the helplessness, the pettiness of monarchs, make a moving picture, full of colour and interest. There is nothing mean and tawdry about their story here. Yet it reminds us now and again of another story of kings, but of kings whose glories had departed and to whose chronicler, M. Alphonse Daudet, Couperus bears no general resemblance. More often still we find ourselves wishing that the chronicler of the exiled kings had written the whole of this story of still mighty emperors. Perhaps it would have had a less optimistic ending; but the drama would have had something swifter and robuster about it. Where Couperus could not be easily excelled is in his study of the Crown Prince Othomar's character. The physical and mental conditions of a keenly sensitive, timid, fine-tuned nature, are described with marvellous skill. And yet there is nothing morbid about the analysis. Its chief result is to discover in the very midst of the sensitiveness an element of lasting strength, unguessed by its owner, but which time and trials would bring to light. If at various passages of the story you are not at one with its development, on looking back at it you will probably own that its design was more than justified.

MELTING SNOWS. By Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Translated by Margaret Symonds. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

Miss Symonds has found a story by a writer familiar to few readers, but well worth translating. On the title-page stand the words "Translated into English," and let us gladly acknowledge, they are there by right. The subject of the story is one of eternal interest. It has been treated over and over again in imaginative literature, and when treated poetically, as here, never seems old or worn out. Bent Sörenson, the hero, has led a starved life. Born to poverty and hard work, in a dreary joyless country, with the burdens of life staring him in the face even in his youth, he had no pity for himself, and accepted his lot as a matter of course, despising softness and emotion, and bearing the temptation of the imagination. Suddenly he finds all the solid ground under his feet giving way; a revolution is going on in his soul, and he is far more lost, perhaps in far greater peril, than had he been self-indulgent and luxurious, and, therefore, experienced. The sense of poetry, of the riches of life, of the claims of beauty, are wakened in him, not by poems or by nature, but by Giacinta. Giacinta is a sensitive, imaginative girl with a fine voice, the ambition to be a great singer, and too frail a body to endure the wear of such a life. She pierces through the rough, hard surface of Sörenson, finds his essential kinship, and returns his love—though every circumstance stands in the way of their union. When Bent first, in great pain, feels his awakening nature, his friend George Versen, a poet, interprets the new life to him. The loveliest buds of the year are those that vanish in the melting snows, and "when a heart which beats with higher aims and passion is awakened too early by the kiss of the everlasting sun, when the storm of the beautiful has clasped it too soon, then the floods rush in over it, nothing will turn them in their courses—they are revengeful, they follow given laws. And so a dark thread runs through the being of all great earthly loves—it is the thread of separation, the thread of death. And it is not we alone who must drown in the rising flood; but that woman too, whom we have loved so well, will be covered by a dark shadow." It is a prophecy: there is no need to tell the story out. It is worth seeking in the book itself, for it is told with singular beauty and delicacy, and without a grain of false sentiment.

A KING'S DIARY. By Percy White. London: Cassell & Company.

Had Mr. White a definite plan in his head when he began this story? A young man of literary tastes and narrow means, author of *Imitations of Catullus*, falls in love with a very rich bourgeois's daughter, and by the influence of an aristocratic relative and the material help of the bourgeois, he is enabled to marry her. He chronicles his early domestic bliss and his efforts to make a way for himself in the world in a lively and capable fashion, and, indeed, we readers are never really hopeless of his ability to succeed finally. But Mr.

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White evidently became convinced at last that he was doomed to failure. At that point he paused to consider what he should do with him. Perhaps to leave him to idle, elegant loafing, or launch him on a series of costly and useless journalistic experiments, would be to make his story a fizzle; so in despair, we conjecture, he tacked on his beginning to the end of some other hero that has been simmering in his brain. He sends him mad. But as this particular young man would never have gone mad without peculiar provocation, he provides him with a severe knock on the head. His mania is a happy one, in which he plays a benevolent, princely part—hence the title. The last part is not a first-rate study of madness, and the earlier chapters don't lead up to it at all. There is no cohesion in the book, and, though in parts it is clever enough, it is not what we expect from the writer of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*.

A FORGOTTEN DEBT (Dette Oubliée). By Léon de Tinseau. Translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00.

When reading this book, which appears simultaneously in Paris and this country, one feels that the author first intended to make a study of heredity, the outlines for which were drawn with well-defined lines and subtle shadows, and that, becoming interested in the story, he wanders from his original design and revels in weaving a somewhat weak and improbable romance.

These hints are found in the first chapters, where a child of an unhappy marriage inherits degeneracy of character from his father and an exalted nature from his mother; and with these conflicting birth-gifts his journey through the tangled maze of life might have been delineated with power. Instead of this his character is not well worked out, and he is a negative person, who becomes the tool of two influences: first, that of the adventurer who dominates his father's life and turns the heart and thought of the boy from his mother; and second, that of an old American officer in love with the unfortunate woman, and who goes from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains on the mission of resetting the hands on the clock of Fate.

The early married life of Maxime de Bernaz and his young wife is shown briefly and well with all the hopeless tendencies to distressing unhappiness. They live in the family château, dominated by the old Marquise de Bernaz, an egotistical, weak-minded, tyrannical, impolite nature, to whom may be traced the failure of her son's character and destiny.

Maxime early became discouraged in life, when he lost his fame as a prodigy and began to know "the faithful companions of his whole life—laziness and *ennui*"—and when he married his wife he took her "with the brutal logic of a stunted mind and with complete ignorance of the heart, as he would have taken a legal indemnity."

Her nature, on the other hand, "was to confound that which is with that which ought to be," and "her astonishment would have been great had some one told her that cleverness is necessary in life, such as men have made it, to perfect the workings of the most natural sentiments and the most holy duties." At the introduction the author's best work ceases, and he proceeds with the story, giving Maxime into the hands of an adventurer in Paris and sending the wife to be governess to the daughter of an army officer on the plains of America. Finally he kills Maxime and marries the marquise to Major MacDuff, who has brought to her side the son she adores. The son, in his turn, is rewarded with the hand of the American girl who was his mother's charge. She, being wealthy, is able to purchase the family château, which had passed into alien possession. It is singular to find a French author dwelling with so much pleasure on life in the West, and describing forts and garrisons, Indians and cowboys, ranch life, and scenes so unfamiliar to French literature. One of the observations which the author puts on the lips of a character is the following description of American women, which sounds something like a personal complaint. He says that "American girls evince a joy in the mere living which has something almost insolent in it for those whose opinion of life is so different. They seem to wear a label bearing these words: 'Do not present yourself if you cannot embellish our existence in one way or another.'"

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THE MERMAID. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Those who are already familiar with Miss Dougall in either or both of her former stories, *Beggars All* and *What Necessity Knows*, will need no persuasion to read *The Mermaid*. Miss Dougall is master of a picturesque style, and her work has a distinct literary quality which is remarkable for its freshness and unusual vigour of expression. She has a deep vein of poetry in her too, as can be seen from some verses of hers which appear on another page. The scenes of this story—and scenery means much in this author's hands—are laid on the cold, bleak shores of Prince Edward's Island and among the ice-bound Isles of St. Magdalen. Caius Simpson as boy, youth, and man never once fails to interest us. We see clearly in the bent twig what limitations are set to his ambitions, and we follow sympathetically his commonplace life along the low levels, and watch it ebb and flow on the tide of love until it rises at flood, when, by losing his life for love's sake, he truly finds it. More we cannot say without spoiling the story. We should like to speak of the Mermaid, but the instinct that led her to elude and mystify Caius prompts us to a like secrecy. The chapter which describes Caius's race after the Mermaid in the sea and their strange adventure together is splendidly done, and is almost as exciting as that other swimming match between Aminta and her lover, which we have all been talking about. The unsuspected duel of affection, in which first the one and then the other of the two lovers is worsted, as each in turn becomes master of the situation, is rendered with a fine humour. The characters are few, the surroundings bare of all striking colour, yet Miss Dougall has made a bright story out of her meagre materials that entertains and breathes an enlivening atmosphere, which smacks breezily of the northern sea and wind, and has an exhilarating effect on the reader.

THE DOCTOR, HIS WIFE AND THE CLOCK. By Anna Katharine Green. Autonym Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

There is one thing about these stories which begin with a mysterious murder to be grateful for—they plunge into their business at once with an "end of the century" speed. You get your murder served up reeking hot in the first chapter, and every chapter thereafter keeps you on the *qui vive* until the murderer is trapped and all who were wrongfully detained are set at liberty. Then the story is wound up as expeditely as it began. The detective who is responsible for the revelation of the facts concerning the mysterious murder of Mr. Hasbrouck is caught on the horns of a dilemma, when he has reason to suspect that the woman whom he deeply reverences is a link in the chain of evidence he is collecting. Yet his ferreting instinct inevitably leads him into this *contretemps*, and as the interest of unravelling the tangled thread of the story becomes exciting at this point it would be unjust to enlighten the reader further. The author manages to hold the reader well in hand, and the story is cleverly written and skilfully constructed. It can be recommended to relieve *ennui* during the space of a couple of hours.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE MURREY COLLECTION OF COOKERY BOOKS. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Has Symbolism invaded culinary literature? Have certain letters and sounds a gastronomic significance as well as a colour value? And what is the secret of the psychic influence of a book like that of Mr. Murrey's? There be collections of like purpose with this which, when we read them, project into one's mental field of vision only the sights and scents of the kitchen—the lumps of fat, the raw meat, the smell of frying things, the shuffle of the scullion. You feel yourself in a stuffy dining-room adorned with chromos, and with drugget on the floor; a sickening whiff of hot lard smites your nostrils; you know that your hair will reek of it for hours,

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and that you will yourself be as odoriferous as a large cruller. But when you take up a volume such as Mr. Murrey's —presto! You are no longer reading a cook-book, but a poem, a gastronomical rhapsody, and a great artist is bringing to you in the subtlest way impressions that ravish all your senses. You have visions of the exquisite half-light of shaded candles that glow on the whitest of napery, upon old silver, rare china, and clustered flowers. The creamy bisque, the crisp croquette, the succulent salad, tempt your appetite, and make life worth the living. The noble old Burgundy glows in the crystal, the cat-like butler is at your elbow. You are an optimist, and all is well.

Who knows the secret of all this? Not we, but possibly Mr. Murrey, since he is the magician whose book of spells we read over with a genuine joy in its broad margins and clear type, and at the delightful things it tells us of. First, fifty soups; then fifty salads; then breakfast dainties; then dainty desserts; then *entrées;* then various other things equally indicative of high art, and last of all, a chapter on the chafing-dish, after reading which the veriest neophyte can deftly set before his more experienced friends the deviled oysters, the Newburg lobster, the truffled kidneys, and the Welsh rabbit after which his inexperience has yearned before in vain. We may not longer dwell upon the vista which this volume opens to the appreciative mind. Mr. Murrey is one of the benefactors of his fellow-men, and in putting down his book we give him our benediction, and shall often dream of what a dinner would be like of which he should have the ordering and whose preparation he should oversee!

TEN YEARS' DIGGING IN EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. New York and Chicago: The Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

How different is the narrative of one who knows and does, from that of one who only knows! Many a professor of archæology can describe all the processes of excavation and discovery, but it will always be in a very academic way, and with an appreciation of the greatness and portentousness of the thing described. But Mr. Flinders Petrie, he has dug up too much ancient bric-à-brac to feel any awe about it. Prospecting for whole cities appears to him quite an every-day affair; and he will turn up a Rameses with as much nonchalance as an Irishman would a hill of potatoes. With equal off-hand readiness he tells about the process, and his one short chapter, entitled "The Art of Excavating," is worth a dozen treatises written by university formalists. The two opening sentences give a taste of his quality:

"Probably most people have somewhat the idea of a worthy lady who asked me how to begin to excavate a ruined town—should she begin to dig at the top or at the side? A cake or a raised pie was apparently in her mind, and the only question was where to best reach the inside of it."

We confess to a lurking suspicion that the "worthy lady" in question was the late Amelia B. Edwards, whose Egyptology always had, to the instructed eye, a distinctly humorous side.

Mr. Petrie gives a very entertaining account of his work in Hawara in 1888, at Illahun and Gurob in 1889 and 1890, and at Medum in 1891; summing up in a subsequent chapter the positive results of his explorations. A very interesting lot of information is that which he gives on the subject of the fellaheen, as to whom his account is not encouraging—that they are cowardly, filthy, lacking in self-reliance, and endowed with a large degree of insensibility. The good points that he finds are a strong sense of hospitality and politeness, and a desire to do right. With a century or two of fairly good government there may be some hope for them. "To trust one's money to the care of the government at the post-office is an idea that astounds the fellah more than anything else he can learn of England," says Mr. Petrie; and the mere statement speaks volumes. A concluding chapter is full of good practical advice to the particular brand of tourists whom Mr. Petrie describes as "the active tripper," which appears to mean one who likes to knock about a good deal by himself and resents being "personally conducted." The volume has 116 illustrations indifferently executed.

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By Lord de Tabley. Second series. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

Lord de Tabley is the stateliest of the minor poets of to-day, and all the qualities that live well in stately company are his, naturally, or by a sympathetic adoption. He is a literary poet, if we

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must make the distinction between those who would have sung had they never heard a line of Vergil or of Shelley, of Spenser or of Keats, and those who have been bred in the best-filled libraries. But once you begin to make such distinctions you have to go on, and "literary poet" is capable of further and further classifications. Echoes of Horace and of Tennyson you will hear in Lord de Tabley; he has learnt his craft from the masters. But he has learnt things outside his library, too; drunk at founts of wisdom which never flow for the mere scholar, the mere craftsman. You will do nothing very extravagant after reading his verse; it is not intoxicating, nor very mysterious. But when human sympathy rises to a certain height and touches certain depths, heights and depths recognisable to all but clods, it only wants the touch of skill to make it poetry of an eternally satisfying character. This sympathy, linked to a sense of beauty in nature and human nature, is Lord de Tabley's in a high degree, and in language not always perfectly spontaneous, but invariably dignified and delicate, he knows how to express it. His passion does not run wild; it is soaring rather than burning. But "An Invocation" is not merely stately and elaborate praise of the beloved. Warmth and intensity are there, too—

"Turn not the splendour of thine eyes aside,
Though night and all her shadows are deceased:
Thy glance is as the morning's to divide
The pillared chambers of the glowing east.
* * * * *
"My life is as a lonely woodland mere,
Whose sullen waters without sun repose:
And thou one ivory lily floating here,
Marble and white, flushed with a tint of rose."

"A Serenade" and "The Second Madrigal" are two charming love-songs, in other metres and other moods, while in "The Haughty Lady" we have one rarely expressed answer to the lover's craving. The lady has found out love to be "a little laughter and a long disdain." . . . "Poor pipe of earthly passion, in whose tone there only lives the discord of a day." She is the only speaker, yet the poem reads like a drama.

But though Lord de Tabley writes of love with grace and warmth, he sounds his deepest note in the fine counsel in "The Wine of Life," that closes the present volume. The poem may be read as casting scorn on all the activities of the present; it may be also read as an inscription over the gate which leads to one sure refuge from the glare of day—the country of the past.

"A broad cup brimmed with mighty red
These silent years to us assign;
From old Falernian vineyards shed,
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

"Old Fauns have breathed against the grapes,
Old-world aromas haunt the bowl;
Still music of forgotten shapes,
Dim pathos of a Pagan soul."

POEMS AND CAROLS. By Selwyn Image. London: Elkin Mathews.

Of these the carols are the best. Of course they are mainly conscious imitations of old forms; but imitation does not explain all their success. The part of Mr. Image's imagination in which these Christmas hymns were born, must be a good deal after the pattern of the imaginations of the old makers. Metres are easy to catch; so is the habit of using vivid pictorial images; but the brevity, the simplicity that dares speak boldly, and yet knows how to stop at a mere suggestion, instead of elaborately completing a picture, are not at all easy to attain. Half the secret of Mr. Image's success is, of course, not technical, but consists in the devoutness that enables him to live in the minds of the old hymn writers of a simpler age. The true spirit has preceded the correct accent. Yet the fascination of this metrical exercise has tempted others than the devout; and one of these, Gautier, in his *Emaux et Camées*, comes once very near perfect success. He concerned himself, however, only with the picture of the Nativity. Mr. Image, like the old English carol writers, sings doctrine, too, and their rugged sincerity has never been better reproduced. Yet he has not spoilt his verse by archaic affectations.

"Hie, shepherds, hie!
Kneel, chant a lullaby!
Your Shepherd's here asleep.
Hell's rav'ning Beast
No more shall rend or feast
On us, poor sheep."

Neither that specimen nor any other has anything of the tame sweetness of the modern Christmas hymn. Mr. Image's religious poetry is austere, but we feel he had a reason for writing it.

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The best of the carols are "The Easter Hymn,"

"O vacant tomb!
Where is he gone that was thy treasure?"

"The Shepherds' Song," "Deep, deep snow," and "Consider, O my soul, what morn is this!" all reaching a high level of poetic dignity.

The few love poems in the very slender volume are well-fashioned. It is hard to say more for them. Mr. Image has framed them on graceful old models, but they ring less true than the songs he has made for the festivals of his Church.

THE SON OF DON JUAN. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Señor Echegaray is one of the most productive of living Spanish writers. He has written some fifty dramas in twenty-one years, during which time the most widely different interests have claimed his attention. He is a mathematician and an orator, a physicist, a lecturer on political economy and geology; he is consulted by civil engineers, and has written a book on submarine vessels of war. And this remarkable Jack of all trades seems, indeed, to be really master of some. His cleverness as a dramatist is indisputable; his quickness to see the situations in modern life that adapt themselves to dramatic treatment is very rare. Mr. Graham writes in rather a fulsome strain, but Echegaray deserves much of his praise. This very play which Mr. Graham has translated is clever in its workmanship and impressive in its tone. The translation is not first rate, but it does not dishonour its original in any flagrant manner.

Mr. Graham's workmanship, however, is not the main point to be considered. *The Son of Don Juan* raises a point in ethics. It is frankly an adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. There are considerable differences between the two, of course. The erring father in the Spanish drama lives to see the madness of his son. Lazarus, the son, is an interesting young poet. The characters are Spanish characters; the setting is Spanish; there is a southern fervour in the conversation. Echegaray gives no lazy, but, on the contrary, a very painstaking and a very clever adaptation, putting in a great deal of his own, though nothing at all of striking literary value. He acknowledges his debt, acknowledges that he borrowed Lazarus's mad clamour, "Give me the sun; mother, mother—the sun! For God's sake—for God's sake—for God's sake, mother—give me the sun." And if he had not acknowledged it, no one would have been deceived. The idea, some of the story, much of the development, are Ibsen's. Now playwrights borrow very frequently, even from their contemporaries. But not playwrights of literary eminence, surely? Or, if so, why is it held reputable in them, seeing that in novelists it would be held intolerable? The whole past is open to both to steal from, and Shakespeare has shown them the way. So we have in the example before us either a strange combination of audacity and meanness, one dramatist borrowing from another a capital idea in that other's lifetime, or the adaptation may be regarded as the adapter's way of doing honour to a brother genius. And the latter supposition probably fits the present case. But if so, the adapter's merit is merely technical; and it is absurd to treat him as seriously as if he had conceived and developed the whole idea. Echegaray deserves attention, but it was not a fortunate choice to select this particular drama to introduce him to us as a Spanish man of letters. It would serve very well on the stage to prove his skill as a playwright, but in the dainty Cameo Series, which is a home for masterpieces, *The Son of Don Juan* seems a trifle out of place.

THE WHITE BOOK OF THE MUSES. By G. F. Reynoldson. London: Johnston. 6s. net.

This is in several ways a remarkable book. First let us refer to its outside, which is very magnificent, with its gilt flowers and rivers and muses on fair white buckram. Then the paper is very good and thick, and the type excellent. The muses are hospitably housed. But Mr. Reynoldson is nothing if not hospitable. He would fain omit nobody from his sonneteering honours, and thus it comes that, within the same cover, Homer hobnobs with Mr. W. E. Henley, Sappho with Mr. Sharp, Theocritus with Mrs. Graham Tomson, Spenser with Mr. Arthur Symons, and Ben Jonson with Mr. Lionel of (very nearly) the

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same surname. But his courtesy goes farther. He will make no invidious distinctions at his table. Like a well-bred host, he knows his guests' little private achievements, and in his address to each, flatteringly insinuates the knowledge; but he refuses to bestow his best adjectives on Dante, say, to the impoverishment of Mr. John Davidson, or on Catullus to make sink the heart of Mr. Norman Gale. No cold, grudging critic spirit disturbs his generous catholicity. Hence, we read in the Sonnet to Aristophanes:

> "As mighty as the mountains
> The personality which holds us here;"

and we think that fine till we come to "Lord de Tabley," and find him faring still better:

> "Monarchically throned, august
> As God embodied in the heavenly blue."

Homer, in deference to old prejudice, comes off well, of course:

> "The morning star who from Heaven's guiding height
> Shed lustre o'er the walls and halls of Troy,"

but really Mr. Le Gallienne has nothing to complain of by comparison; for is he not thus apostrophised?—

> "A star shone at thy birth, I trow,
> Whose amethystine sphere
> Coloured the air above, below,
> With loving lustre clear."

How delighted must Mr. Symons be to know that he was "born for the poet's purple," and Mr. Davidson that the muses "ring him round in honey-hearted bowers," and Mr. Johnson that his "words win love as roses win the spring." Henceforth secure, they may snap their fingers at the reviewers' carping words of prose. But nothing is perfect under the sun, not even Mr. Reynoldson's hospitality. A few guests have been omitted, and crave a speedy new edition of *The White Book of the Muses*.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Messrs. Scribners publish *Short Studies in Party Politics*, by Noah Brooks, which is a sketch of American party government from Washington's administration to the end of Grant's, though containing allusions to later issues and later events, as the tariff and the monetary problem. It is divided into four chapters, whose titles pretty well describe the contents: "The First Things in American Politics," "The Passing of the Whigs," "When Slavery Went Out of Politics," and "The Party Platforms of Sixty Years" (*i.e.*, the sixty years ending in 1892). The book is a good volume to read in connection with the late Professor Johnston's *American Politics*, supplying a commentary on persons and events, much needed in the perusal of that very condensed manual. Mr. Brooks lets his own political sentiments appear too plainly, but one is not obliged to adopt them. The book contains portraits of the Presidents down to Lincoln inclusive, and of the principal statesmen of the same period.

One of the most readable of the purely popular books on the First Napoleon that have recently appeared is *The Military Career of Napoleon the Great*, by Mr. Montgomery B. Gibbs, published by the Werner Company, of Chicago. It is a volume of some 500 pages, and tells very entertainingly the story of Napoleon's campaigns, with an abundance of picturesque anecdote and personal detail. The battles are described with much spirit and force. Thirty-two full-page illustrations accompany the text and add to its interest. The binding of the volume is especially to be commended as both neat and serviceable. The price of the book is $1.25.

The Messrs. Appleton publish the late Professor Quatrefage's work on the Pygmies, as the latest addition to their Anthropological Series. It treats of the Pygmies of the ancients, of the Mincopies, of the Nigritos other than the Mincopies, and of the Negrillos or African Pygmies, with a chapter on the religion of the Hottentots and Bushmen. Professor Quatrefage's own scientific position as an opponent of all the proposed theories of evolution, and a believer in the great antiquity of the human race, which he held to have had but a single source, make all his anthropological writings extremely interesting. The present volume is supplied with a large number of illustrations. The translation from the French is the work of Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, who is the editor of the series, and who supplies a too brief sketch of Quatrefage by way of preface.——Another publication of an anthropological nature is Bache-

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lor's *Ainu of Japan*, a book of 331 pages with 80 illustrations, which comes to us this month from the Fleming H. Revell Company. It is a pleasantly written account of the singular people known as the Ainu, who were the historical aborigines of the islands of Japan, but of whom only some 17,000 survive, distinguished for their long hair and their filth. Mr. Bachelor was a missionary among them for many years, and writes an unpretending, readable narrative of his observations and experiences. Curiously enough, they might also be regarded as Pygmies, their average height being little more than five feet. Price, $1.50.

The Messrs. Macmillan send us the third volume of their "Economic Classics," which contains selected chapters from the famous *Essay on the Principles of Population*, by Malthus. The editor of the series has chosen about one third of the Malthusian essay as first published in 1798, and about one twentieth of the essay as it appeared in the edition of 1803. There are added, also, passages from the appendices to the third and fifth editions, and from the preface to the edition of 1817. The volume, which contains in all 134 clearly printed pages, will be a most convenient form of reference for those who desire to make a personal acquaintance with the book of a very original thinker, whose remarkable argument on the dangers of an increasing population is more often referred to than read. The price of the volume is 75 cents.

In *The Idiot*, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs reintroduces the company whose conversations were recorded in his former book, *Coffee and Repartee*, and once more reveals the cenacular secrets of Mrs. Smithers's boarding-house.——Somewhat larger in size and more diluted in its humorous quality is Mr. Hayden Carruth's *Adventures of Jones*, Jones being a modern Munchausen who discourses of strange experiences to his friend Jackson Peters, the yarns being spun out to the extent of twenty chapters. Occasionally they excite in one the belief that they are about to become amusing; but it cannot conscientiously be asserted that the hope is ever quite fulfilled. Still there may exist persons whose midriffs can respond to this very elemental tickling. Both these volumes come from the press of the Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Boericke and Tafel, of Philadelphia, publish *The Essentials of Homœopathic Therapeutics*, a "quiz compend," giving in the shape of question and answer the essential principles of the homœopathic treatment of various diseases, and detailing the symptoms indicative of the various drugs in the homœopathic pharmacopœia.

Californians proud of the beauty of the wild flowers of their fair State will be pleased to see the beautiful collection as presented in the second edition of *Wild Flowers of California*. No water-colour artist could paint the flowers so faithfully as they are presented in this collection of pressed flowers. The pressing and mounting of the flowers has been done so faithfully that they retain their colours as in life. Baby Blue Eyes, the Mariposa Lily, the beautiful Golden Poppy, and other flowers of California appear so natural that there is a temptation at first glance to pluck them. Two well-known Californian writers, Ina D. Coolbrith and Grace Hibbard, have written choice sonnets for the volume, which is beautifully bound, and comes daintily cased in a box. (San Francisco: The Popular Bookstore, $1.25.)

Trusts; or, Industrial Combinations in the United States is a volume prepared by Ernst von Halle for the Verein für Social-Politik. It deals with the general subject of trusts as to the general economic development which has fostered these combinations, with reference to their legal conditions, and with reference also to their results in relation to society and the State. As coming from a thoroughly impartial and competent foreigner, the treatise will be found one of much interest. The book is published by Macmillan and Company.

A beautiful Easter book, or in fact gift-book for any season of the year, is *Lingua Gemmæ*, prepared by Ada L. Sutton, and published by the Merriam Company. Mary Fairman Clark has provided it with marginal illustrations. The volume takes up each gem in order, gives a short description of it, its significance in the language of gems, and one or more quotations relating to it. The binding is very daintily done in white and gold.

The inaccurate title of *Heine in Art and Letters*, translated with a prefatory note by Elizabeth A. Sharp, covers a

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selection from Heine's *Essays and Letters* —to be explicit, those on Rossini and Meyerbeer; on Berlioz, Liszt, and Chopin; The Salon, 1831 and 1833; Letters from Berlin, 1822; The Old Régime; June Days, 1832; Letters from Normandy; and Letters from the Pyrenees. Art and letters do not include politics, but politics, of course, play no inconsiderable part in the above selection. There is no clear principle binding the extracts together, but Mrs. Sharp has compiled a very readable book, nevertheless; for her translation is intelligent, and the least of Heine's thoughts on art are fruitful yet, however informally they are expressed. German prose is locked away from a great many who would be glad to know more of Heine; so this little book should find readers. (Scott Library, London. 1*s.* 6*d.* Walter Scott.)

Henry Holt and Company have added to their list of Anthony Hope's stories in the Buckram Series (75 cents per volume) *A Man of Mark* and *Sport Royal*. The former is Mr. Hope's first book. It was issued by the Messrs. Remington, London, in 1890, and now that the critics have read *The Prisoner of Zenda*, there are not lacking certain sagacious ones among them who declare that had they read this first book they could have foreseen the author's subsequent success. *Sport Royal* is a collection of long and short stories, the longest extending to one hundred pages, and the shortest occupying but three. These also antedate *The Prisoner of Zenda*, having been reprinted chiefly from the *St. James's Gazette* by Messrs. Innes early in 1893.

THE SLEEPERS.

The tall carnations down the garden walks
Bowed on their stalks.

Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods,
"What are the odds
That we shall wake up here within the sun,
When time is done,
And pick up all the treasures one by one
Our hands let fall in sleep?" "You have begun
To mutter in your dreams,"
Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams.
And they both slept again.

The tall carnations in the sunset glow
Burned row on row.

Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams,
"To me it seems
A thousand years since last you stirred and spoke,
And I awoke.
Was that the wind then trying to provoke
His brothers in their blessed sleep?" "They choke,
Who mutter in their nods,"
Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods.
And they both slept again.

The tall carnations only heard a sigh
Of dusk go by.

Bliss Carman.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

CONDUCTED BY MELVIL DEWEY.

NEW LIBRARIES.

No feature of recent library work is more gratifying than the marked tendency of principals of academies and high schools to accept their responsibilities as leaders of educational matters in their respective localities. This means that if a community has no public library the principal of the school will not rest satisfied till the deficiency is supplied. The State Public Libraries Department in New York has been in correspondence with over 400 different points in the State, and has already in the past two years chartered 73 new libraries and added 22 others to its register after reorganization or enlargement of field and provision for increased efficiency.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—Dr. Frederick Van Duzen, principal of the Ogdensburg Free Academy, reports with justifiable pride the result of his efforts to secure a library for Ogdensburg. The George C. Clark property, valued at $50,000, which can be readily adapted for library use, comprising an entire block of beautiful lawn over 300 feet square, has just been secured for $35,000, every dollar of which was subscribed within three days. The property is said to be the finest in the city, the only one commanding an uninterrupted view of the St. Lawrence River.

Jervis Library, of Rome, N. Y.—Rome, at the other end of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, is receiving congratulations on a similar $50,000 property in the Jervis estate which has just passed into the hands of the new library trustees. This was a gift from an individual, so that personal subscriptions and local taxation may supplement the bequest.

John Crerar Library, Chicago.—Another great foundation, which it was feared might possibly be lost to the public, like the Jennie McGraw Fiske bequest to Cornell University, and most of the Tilden bequest to New York, has come through the mazes of the law safely, the trustees have organised, and with characteristic Chicago enterprise already talk of a possible opening this year. They have wisely determined to make it their first business to select a librarian, without repeating the too frequent blunder of spending much money on buildings and methods which the administrative head will wish quite otherwise, and on which he will often spend much more money in altering to meet his own ideas. Mr. Clement W. Andrews, whose excellent work as librarian of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is well known, has been elected as librarian and has accepted. The new library must grow more slowly because of the decision of the Trustees to leave the principal intact and to confine their expenditures to the annual income of $100,000. The greatest interest naturally centres in the recent decision as to its scope. While New York combines its foundations, Chicago differentiates. There is a singular correspondence between the two cities. New York has the Astor and Lenox, two of the greatest private library foundations in the country, corresponding to the other two in the Newberry and Crerar of Chicago. New York has in the edge of the city, between its park and the Hudson River, a university quarter, where Columbia College, the Teachers' College, Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and other great institutions are to find their permanent home. Chicago has in the southern section of the city, between Washington Park and Lake Michigan, its corresponding university quarter. New York has in its free circulating library, sustained by private gifts, one of the leading institutions of the country, circulating last year over 600,000 volumes, and this public library department is supplemented by the Tilden bequest of $2,000,000. Chicago has its public library system, supported, as it should be, by public taxation, and will soon move into its own magnificent new building, now being erected on the lake front.

The Newberry Library has barely got into its own splendid building on the north side; the Chicago University Library is still in temporary quarters;

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but no one who has watched the phenomenal development of this institution doubts that there will be a building in the not distant future commensurate with the great university and the remarkable growth of the library itself. The public and university libraries, with the Crerar and Newberry, are distinct in location, but are working in harmony in an effort to supplement rather than duplicate or rival each other. The public library of course takes the popular work of supplying books for the masses to read at their homes, and obtainable not only at the central library, but at the numerous convenient branches. Yet it will also have a large reference department in its central building. The university library of necessity must be a great encyclopædic collection. The Newberry, on the north side, has already made a specialty in medicine, and is collecting a great general library in history, literature, and art. It was proposed to the Crerar Trustees that they should make Americana their specialty, but the Newberry had already done so much in that direction, and the tastes and wishes of Mr. Crerar himself leaned so strongly toward the practical aid to be given in science and the useful arts, that the vote of the trustees was unanimous to make science the field of the new Crerar Library. This is to be interpreted broadly, and will include not alone natural science, but the useful arts and also social science.

Chicago has taken an important step in differentiating the fields of its libraries to avoid unnecessary duplication. New York has gone infinitely beyond it in the practical wisdom of consolidating its institutions into a single great public library.

New York Public Library.—The great metropolitan library, which has been waited for like the great American novel, seems at last to have come, or at least to have anchored in the offing. The preliminary negotiations between the trustees of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries have been an object lesson to the world because of the broad spirit in which the representatives of these great trusts, each bearing the family name, have looked steadily to the good of the public rather than to the aggrandisement of particular institutions. The name chosen—"New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations"—curiously gives in an alphabetic arrangement of the great donors' names the order in which their noble gifts were made. The combined property will be about $8,000,000, half of which will be in endowment, thus yielding at 4 per cent $160,000 a year. It is taken for granted that after these great foundations are united the institution will also absorb the six branches of the New York Free Circulating Library, the Apprentices', the Aguilar, and perhaps some other libraries of the city. The growing demand for good reading in New York has been illustrated the past year by the work of the free library, carried on for the past fifteen years by voluntary subscriptions, while its friends have waited patiently, and sometimes almost despairingly for the coming of the greatly needed public library adequate to the metropolis of the western world. Last year they circulated 636,043 books from this one institution, an increase of 105,006 over the previous year.

A decade ago, when there was no little agitation in favor of a public library, the promoters seemed to think the proper course to be the erection of a monumental pile in Bryant Park or some other central position, and that the "mere bookish side of the enterprise" would care for itself. This folly seems, happily, outgrown, and it is now assumed by all that there will be not only a great central library, but branches at convenient points throughout the city to supply each citizen with the best reading within reasonable distance of his home. Popular sentiment agrees with professional experience in this matter, so that the site of the main library must be determined not by centre of population, but by the convenience of those who will have most occasion to use that scholars' storehouse. Of the locations so far suggested, or, in fact, possible, the strongest case has been made for that on Morningside Heights, which is clearly to be the future university quarter of the city. Not only will the various university departments of Columbia be clustered there, together with the Teachers' College, Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but inevitably other institutions will be attracted to the same neighbourhood, and the people who would most use the central library will be accommo-

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dated in that vicinity better than anywhere else on Manhattan Island. Superficial observers will make a plausible case against this location by drawing pictures of the busy man who is rushing to the station and cannot spend the few minutes extra time, and yet should share in the benefits of the public library. His case could only be fully met by having the library on the sidewalk like a newsstand. This new library should be for all the people and not for any class. It would be an outrage to compel the hurried men and women of business to go to the university quarter to get their books. Branches and deliveries must reach near to every home. It would be equally unwise to put the great scholar's collection not in the scholar's quarter, but down among the business men.

A lesson may be learned from commerce. Drug stores and various small retail shops must be scattered about the city near the homes. The great wholesale houses in any line the world over find it better to be grouped together. The branch libraries are the retail shops, and the great magazine of books at the central library corresponds to the warehouse or wholesale store, and belongs with its allied interests near the art and science museums in the university quarter. To scatter these all over the island, like churches or primary schools, would be as unwise as to distribute the various buildings and departments of a university equitably among the various wards of the city.

Though the new institution, with its $8,000,000, will be easily first among American libraries, New York must not forget that combination is not increase. Her present library facilities are increased only by the Tilden $2,000,000. The same great demand will remain as today for support from the public treasury of the at least twenty branches needed properly to supply the metropolis with books. Certain economies will result from consolidation, but it is well known that the Astor and Lenox libraries are far from meeting the present demands on them, and the mere fact of their consolidation will emphasise rather than remove the need for a substantial recognition in the tax levy of New York of the free library system as the necessary supplement to the system of popular education in the common schools. To fold the hands and wait to see the library millennium, which many seem to think is coming with consolidation, is as foolish as the methods of getting rich by combining accounts or other manipulations of figures without production of new wealth or increase of income. The splendid beginning by the trustees should stimulate every friend of education to earnest effort for prompt and proper recognition by the municipal authorities of the library necessities of the metropolis. Other large cities, like Chicago and Boston, appropriate yearly about one tenth as much for the support of the central library and its numerous branches and deliveries as they do for the common-school system. A man who opposed the use of the tax rate for our common schools would excite only contempt. Yet men are now living who have seen public sentiment undergo this change. Our children are clearly to feel the same contempt for any opposition to public support of an efficient library system, so rapidly is being recognised the true relation of the library as a necessary part of any successful plan of general education.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

GROLIER CLUB PUBLICATIONS AT AUCTION.

A complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club was sold by Bangs & Co. at auction on the afternoon of March 18th. The prices were the highest yet realized at public sale, and probably far exceeded the expectations of the owner. The set, 23 volumes, and the etching, "Grolier in the House of Aldus," brought $941, a wonderful advance upon the original sum of about $165, at which they were issued to members at the time of publication.

The following is the list in detail with the prices at which they were sold. All were in the original bindings as published.

A Decree of Star Chamber concerning Printing. 150 copies printed. 1884. $116.00.

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Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam. 150 copies printed. 1885. $150.00.
Transactions. Part I. 740 copies printed. 1885. $5.00.
Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York. 175 copies printed. 1886. $100.00.
Bookbinding as a Fine Art. By Robert Hoe. 200 copies printed. 1886. $85.00.
Historic Printing Types. By Theo. L. DeVinne. 200 copies printed. 1886. $35.00.
Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. 2 vols. 250 copies printed. 1887. $62.00.
Christopher Plantin and the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp. By Theo. L. DeVinne. 300 copies printed. 1888. $19.00.
Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered. By William Matthews. 300 copies printed. 1889. $30.00.
The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury. Edited and translated into English by Andrew Fleming West. 3 vols. 300 copies printed. 1889. $87.00.
Milton's Areopagitica. With an introduction by James Russell Lowell. 328 copies printed. 1890. $23.00.
Washington Irving: a Sketch. By George William Curtis. 344 copies printed. 1891. $40.00.
Catalogue of an Exhibition of Engraved Portraits. 200 copies printed. 1891. $11.00.
Catalogue of an Exhibition of Manuscripts and Books. 350 copies printed. 1892. $16.00.
Barons of the Potomack and the Rappahannock. By Moncure D. Conway. 360 copies printed. 1892. $37.00.
Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of some of the Poetical and Prose Works of English Writers. 400 copies printed. 1893. $21.00.
Facsimile of the Laws and Acts for their Majesties' Province of New York. Printed by William Bradford, 1694, with Introduction and Notes by R. L. Fowler. 312 copies printed. 1894. $48.00.
A Classified List of Early American Book-Plates. 350 copies printed. 1894. $15.00.
Transactions. Part II. 750 copies printed. 1894. $12.00.
Etching: Grolier in the Printing House of Aldus. Etched by the brothers Flameng. 300 copies printed. $29.00.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1895.

March business opened quietly, and continued so during the month. Library orders were good, and an increased demand has set in within the last few days for educational books, occasioned by the reopening of the schools after the spring vacation. I notice that new editions of Shakespeare are being largely bought. The Temple edition of Macmillan and the Ariel edition of Putnam's Sons seem to attract purchasers. Still, Rolfe's little classics continue to lead in sales.

The sales in Easter literature have as yet shown no great activity. European guide-books are selling well; the *Baedeker* is still the most complete and popular, while in a more compact form the new editions for 1895 of *The Satchel Guide* and Cassell's *Pocket Guide* are in fair demand. Paper-bound books, headed by *Chimmie Fadden*, are selling steadily. The paper edition of Kidd's *Social Evolution* is a good second. This was forced from Macmillan by the publication of uncopyrighted portions, and it promises to have a very large sale. The Cassell Company open a new series of paper books at fifty cents with *The Emigrant Ship*, by Clark Russell, and copyrighted works by well-known authors are announced to follow.

The most popular books published during the month are undoubtedly *A Man of Mark* and *Sport Royal*, by Anthony Hope, both old books reissued in uniform style with *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Other publications of the month which have been purchased largely are *The Idiot*, by John Kendrick Bangs, and *The Princess Aline*, by Richard Harding Davis. *Degeneration*, by Max Nordau, is selling splendidly on a steadily rising scale.

The publication of the fourth volume of Green's *Short History of the English People*, by Harper and Bros., completes this beautiful edition of a standard work which well deserves the sale it is commanding. The fourth volume of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States* is another book of the month which has met with exceptional favour, and which adds a new volume to an important work, for which there is always a steady call.

Several of the smaller publishing concerns have secured good works, which the public are appreciating. Notable among these are Stone and Kimball's edition of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sawdust Doll*, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, in attractive bindings. *The Yellow Book*, published by Copeland and Day, has been in vigorous demand, and *Hypnotism*, by James R. Cocke, issued through the Arena Publishing Co., continues to be popular.

The sales of the month have been rather light in comparison with former years. Reports from neighbouring cities indicate that a similar state of affairs exists throughout this portion of the country. Some of the publishers, however, are promising new publications for which there will be a demand, to appear within the next few weeks, so that business should hold its own during the spring. The books most in demand during the month were:

Sport Royal. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00.
The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, $1.50, and revised edition, paper, 25 cts.
Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1895.

Trade during the past month may be likened to the prevalent weather of the season, which is

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changeable and unsettled. On some days the demand was all that could be desired. At other times, however, particularly during the middle and end of the month, orders were very light, and seemed to indicate caution on the part of the dealer, as the dull season approaches. Still, the average is good and quite up to expectation, which, in the still depressed state of business in the West and the unsettled financial condition of the country, gives us cause for much satisfaction.

The month has been much livelier than February in publishing circles, and quite a number of important new books have appeared. Perhaps the most important contribution to literature is the fourth volume of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, the advance orders being very large for a work of its class. This *History* seems to grow in popular favour with the advent of each new volume. The fourth and concluding volume of Harper's illustrated edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* also appeared, and is going fairly well. In fiction we have Richard Harding Davis's new story, *The Princess Aline*, which bids fair to rival in popularity anything he has yet written, excepting perhaps the ever popular *Van Bibber*; also *A Man of Mark*, by that indefatigable writer, Mr. Anthony Hope, and *A Sawdust Doll*, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, which made its *entrée* late in the month, and is selling very largely. Being a society novel of the very latest pattern, *A Sawdust Doll* is likely to become quite a fad in fashionable and novel-reading circles. A new book by John Kendrick Bangs, detailing the further adventures of the "Idiot," the central luminary in his other book, *Coffee and Repartee*, has also reached us, and is in lively demand.

The time of year is now approaching when we may expect many calls for books on out-door sports, on farming and gardening, etc., and dealers will do well to look over their stock of this kind of literature, and see that it is in good shape. Architectural works and books on building and construction will also be called for as the spring advances. It would be advisable also to look up works on Joan of Arc, for the magazines and newspapers are taking up and will probably exploit the career of this most extraordinary historical character. It will not be surprising if a Maid of Orleans fad displaces to a certain extent the Napoleonic one.

One would suppose that in the sales of paper-covered books, works of fiction would always take first place; but oddly enough, the cheap paper books most in demand at present are *Coin's Financial School* and *A Tale of Two Nations*, both dealing with the silver question. This is significant, as marking the deep interest the public are taking in this problem.

As will be noticed from the appended list of the best selling books, *Trilby* still leads the demand, and has lost but little, if any, of its popularity. *The Manxman* dropped off a little toward the end of the month, but *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* grows in favour, and each month finds it selling better.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
A Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. $1.25.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
The Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.00.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
Short History of the English People. Vol. IV., illustrated edition. By J. R. Green. $5.00.
First of the English. By A. C. Gunther. $1.00 and 50 cts.
Men Born Equal. By Harry P. Robinson. $1.25.

ENGLISH NOTES.

FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 23, 1895.

With the advent of Lent commences the quiet time of the Book Trade, and the present year is no exception, the decrease of business being very marked. Orders from India have been a little heavier, but otherwise there has not been much change outside the home trade.

Few modern treatises on theology have been so favourably received as Denney's *Studies in Theology*, published a few months since. Possibly the superiority of the style in which it was brought out contributed not a little to its popularity.

Will the bookseller's shop ever again be a centre of literary intercourse? A possible solution of the question may be found in the publication of the *Bulletin of New Books and New Editions*, which will shortly be issued twice a week in a form convenient for posting up in the shop or filing in the library. Although the list of the more popular books includes many of the latest novels, it must be borne in mind that the numbers sold during the last month are smaller than previously. The poets do not seem to attract much notice.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Earl Lavender. By John Davidson. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Tales of Mean Streets. By E. Morrison. 6s.
The Trail of the Sword. By G. Parker. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Bondman, By Hall Caine. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Studies in Theology. By J. Denney. 5s.

A complete list of prices of the January Foote sale containing the names of buyers has been printed to bind uniform with the catalogue, by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at* 75 *cents.*

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. By T. J. Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)
5. Lesser Questions. By Lady Jeune. $1.75 (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Green's Short History of English People. Vol. IV. $5.00. (Harper.)
2. The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Stories for all the Year. By Rice. $1.50 (Stokes.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. History of the English People, Vol. IV. By Green. $5.00. (Harper.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. The Face in the Mask. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
4. Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers. By A. Willard. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.) The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Despotic Lady. By W. E. Norris. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. Kitty's Engagement. By Florence Warden. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell & Coryell.)
4. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. Love and Quiet Life. By Walter Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Men Born Equal. By H. P. Robinson. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. Century of Charades. By Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. His Broken Sword. By Winnie L. Taylor. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
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